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INTERESTING
A N E C D O T E S,
M E M O I R S,
A L L E G O R I E S,
E S S A Y S,
A N D
P O E T I C A L F R A G M E N T S,
T E N D I N G
T O A M U S E T H E F A N C Y,
A N D
I N C U L C A T E M O R A L I T Y.

BY MR. ADDISON.

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COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Essays, &c.

ANECDOTE

OF

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.

SOON after the late Sir William Johnson had been appointed Superintendant of Indian Affairs in America, he wrote to England for some Suits of cloaths, richly laced. When they arrived at Sir William's, Hendrick, King of the five nations of Mohawks, was present, and particularly admired them, but without saying any thing to Sir William at that time. In a few days, Hend-

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rick

rick called on Sir William, and acquainted him that he had had a dream. On Sir William's inquiring what it was, he told him he had dreamed that he had given him one of those suits which he had lately received from over the *great water*. Sir William took the hint, and immediately presented him with one of the richest suits. Hendrick, highly gratified with the generosity of Sir William, returned. Sir William, some time after this, happening to be in company with Hendrick, told him that he also had had a dream. Hendrick being very solicitous to know what it was, Sir William informed him he had dreamed that he (Hendrick) had made him a present of a particular tract of land (the most valuable on the Mohawk river) of about five thousand acres. Hendrick presented him with the land immediately, with this shrewd remark: "Now, Sir William, I will never dream with you again; you dream too hard for me."

The above tract of land is called to this hour,

Sir William's dreaming land.

THE
PRECIPITATE MARRIAGE,

A MORAL TALE.

IT would be an endless, and no very agreeable task, to produce a catalogue of those men, who being misled by ambition, have in consequence of their lofty ideas, found themselves severely disappointed by the failure of their great designs. Nor is ambition a passion confined to the breast of men. The fair sex often feel their tender bosoms agitated with the same, and have sometimes paid very dear for their elevated sentiments, after having been seduced by them into very ineligible situations. With regard to their matrimonial schemes, many women have certainly permitted ambition to make too powerful an impression upon their minds, and by supposing, too hastily, that grandeur and happiness are synonymous terms, have, in the most mortifying manner, been forced to own that the most brilliant favours which fortune can bestow may be extremely insufficient to render the life of her who possesses them a life of felicity. Admitting that a woman has really raised herself by marriage to the distinguished sphere, to which her wishes were pointed

by ambition, she may be very miserable in the midst of her magnificence: how much more wretched must she feel herself, who, dazzled by a false appearance of splendor, discovers, too late, that she mistook the shadow for the substance; and that instead of increasing her importance in the eyes of the world, she has contemptibly degraded herself both in their eyes and in her own.

The heroine of the following tale was one of those ambitious females, who look upon rank and riches to be the principal ingredients in the nuptial composition; without which it is not worthy of their attention: and the perusal of her history, may, perhaps, be of some service to the female *Icarus's* of the age, who, by aiming to soar above all their friends and acquaintances, sink themselves infinitely below them; partly from their weakness, but more from their presumption.

Charlotte Denbigh was the daughter of a country gentleman, who having wasted a very considerable part of his fortune in unsuccessful projects, could only leave her five thousand pounds at his death. With this sum, far from a despicable one, (Charlotte having been brought up with high notions) was by no means satisfied. She had a spirit to enjoy that sum every year. She was also so proud of her beauty and her accomplishments, the one striking,

striking, and the other numerous, that she would not listen to the addresses of many of her admirers, with no mean fortunes, because they could not enable her to live in the style which was most agreeable to her. By the haughtiness of her behaviour, and the frequency of her refusals, she discovered a no small want of judgment, and the admiration which she excited was generally accompanied with contempt. Those who were the most charmed with her person could not help thinking that she appeared in a ridiculous light, by the *hauteur* of her carriage, and her continual attempts, without any artful concealment of her real designs to attract the attention of the first men of the age in point of riches and rank. Her attempts were bold, but they were not successful: her designs were grand, but they were soon seen through and defeated.

After having made a number of fruitless efforts to figure in the first line of female consequence at London, and rejected several very advantageous offers, because they were not precisely the offers agreeable to her ambitious views, she changed the scene of action, made a trip to Calais, and from thence posted to the capital of France, dreaming of nothing but charms and conquests, and forming plans for a brilliant French alliance,

as she had not succeeded in her schemes for an English one.

By her removal from England, Charlotte gave an additional proof of her want of judgment; not only by her passage from one country to another, but by her choice of a female companion in the voyage, who was, certainly, the most improper person she could have selected. A few traits of this Lady will be sufficient to support this assertion.

Mrs. Brindley, the widow of a worthless fellow, who had married her entirely for her money, and who left her in very straitened circumstances, was, for some time, at a great loss for a comfortable subsistence; but on being invited by a old rich gentlewoman in the city, good-natured and generous, though vulgar beyond expression, she, in a little while, having a much superior understanding, played her cards with such address, that she not only lived luxuriously with her during life, but gained a good legacy at her death. As soon as she was in possession of a considerable part of Mrs. Grimball's fortune, she was solicited by several persons in different stations, but having had very bad luck in her first marriage, she was almost afraid to venture upon a second: however, she at last got over all her objections to a new husband,

husband, and gave her hand to Mr. Brindley; a man who was apparently in affluent circumstances, and, without doubt, very agreeable to her fancy: his character was also, in her opinion, in consequence of the enquiries which she had made relating to it, unquestionable. In a few months after her second marriage, and when she had vested her new husband with all she had in her power to give him, she not only found herself deserted by him; but to her additional concern she also found that he had been many years married to another woman:—these were blows which almost stunned her; but she recovered from them, and did the best she could in her distressful condition. Obligated to quit the house, in which she could no longer afford to reside, and ashamed of having been drawn in to be a *nominal* wife, she repaired to a very private part of the town, in which she was not, she imagined, known; and with the little cash she had by her, settled herself in a small obscure apartment. Here she in a short time discovered that her landlady was an arrant procuress: she also found herself so much in her power that she was not even at liberty to leave her. Oppressed, therefore, by poverty on one hand, and overcome by persuasion on the other, she complied with Mrs. Subtle's terms of accommodation, and entered into a regular life of prostitution.

Of this life she was soon heartily tired, and having met with some liberal lovers, she paid off all her debts, and removed herself, without making the least discovery of her designs, to her intended habitation.

In this habitation Miss Denbigh accidentally became acquainted with her, and being charmed with her conversation and behaviour contracted an intimacy without making any enquiries into her character and connections.

The moment Charlotte disclosed her Paris design to Mrs. Brindley, she greatly approved of it, and the pleasure of her company upon the occasion was not twice requested. Mrs. Brindley, very glad to appear in a new light, in a new place, and with a woman of fortune and reputation, was easily prevailed upon to bid adieu to her native land. Besides, she was not without hopes of turning the fortune of her new friend, to her own advantage, in some shape or other. How she succeeded the sequel will shew. We must now return to the heroine of the piece, for the above-mentioned lady is but a secondary character in it.

Charlotte upon finding that Mrs. Brindley, though she had never been out of England, had picked up a great deal of intelligence with regard
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to France, consulted her upon every occasion, and was directed by her in all her operations on the other side of the water.

On their arrival at Paris, a very handsome house was soon hired, and Charlotte made a very spirited appearance, agreeably to the design she had formed, in order to engage some of the Frenchmen of rank, to think her an object deserving of their attention.

Mrs. Brindley, the moment she discovered her companion's design, adopted another of a different kind, and, as she thought, far more likely to succeed.

Charlotte being a fine woman, and sufficiently accomplished for a Parisian circle, appeared also in the light of a woman of fortune, soon attracted the eyes of several men of consequence, encouraged their visits, and played off all her arts to make a conquest of the first brilliancy. She was, as she expected to be, much admired, followed, and courted; but she was not, for some time, addressed in the way she wished by any of those who crowded about her *ruelle*. She received overtures, however, at last, of a very flattering kind, from a man who appeared to be in every shape qualified to raise her to the sphere of life in which she longed to move.

The first address which Charlotte received from Count F——, was in the garden belonging to a pleasant villa which she occupied a few leagues from the capital. She at first affected no small surprize, and acted her agitation in a very artful manner; but soon recovering from her well counterfeited confusion, she gave her flattering lover reason enough to believe that his proposals would not be rejected——she also endeavoured to draw him, speedily, into the toils of matrimony. Her endeavours were not unsuccessful, for he left her with a positive assurance that he would give immediately orders for his nuptial preparations; and added, that as soon as those were finished, he should do himself the highest of all possible honor, by waiting on her to his *chateau* in one of the most delicious parts of France.

While Charlotte and her Count were in this situation, and while they imagined they were totally unobserved, they were minutely watched from another quarter of the garden by a young Englishman, of whom it will be now necessary to give some account.

The name of this youth was Saunders. He had a very pretty estate in the west of England, and was so much in love with Miss Denbigh, that
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upon her rejecting him, he fell into a melancholy state, alarming to all those who had any regard for him. To amuse him in this miserable state, and to prevent him from dwelling on the cause of it, his friends hurried him about from one place to another, shifted the scene continually, and threw as much novelty in his way as they could, to exclude any disquiet arising from old recollections; but all their endeavours to make him forget the only woman for whom he had ever felt the tender passion, were ineffectual; he still loved her to distraction, and upon hearing that she was gone to France, determined to follow her, taking particular care, at the same time, to conceal his intention from his friends, that he might receive no interruption from their well meant dissuasions. On his arrival at Paris, he made immediate enquiries after the disdainful mistress of his heart; and hearing that she was then at her country house near Paris, repaired to it without delay, in order to renew his addresses, though he had been so often received by her with the most mortifying coldness. Being told by her companion, Mrs. Brindley, with whose behaviour he was much pleased, but of whose real character he was utterly ignorant, that she was just stepped into the garden, he flew into it immediately on the wings of love. To his extreme astonishment he beheld her in a

close conversation with a Frenchman of the lowest class, though dressed like a man of fashion, whom he had remembered in the service of an English nobleman, and who had been disgracefully turned out of his family for certain misdemeanours of an unpardonable nature. In order, however, to gain all the information he could, relating to this unexpected interview, he secreted himself, and listened with a greedy ear to every word which passed between his mistress and the fictitious Count: and the more he attended to the conversation of the latter, the more was he amazed at his consummate impudence. When the Count had taken his leave, he made his appearance, and, approaching his Charlotte in the most submissive manner, begged he might be permitted to be heard.

Charlotte, struck at the sight of the last man whom she expected to behold in that place, started back a few paces, but soon recovering herself, allowed her rejected lover to articulate what he wanted to disclose.

He then entered directly into the business of the moment, and acquainted her with all the particulars which he knew relating to the man whom she had, supposing him to be a person of distinction, encouraged as a lover; concluding his intelligence with the strongest assurances of the sincerity

cerity of his own passion, (in spite of all her forbidding behaviour) and the most earnest wishes to be inseparably united to her.

Had Charlotte been at that time in the full possession of her understanding, she, probably, would have been ready, not only to pay her English lover the most cordial acknowledgements for his most seasonable information, but would have also declared herself as ready to reward him with her hand, for all the disquiets and anxieties which he had endured for her sake, and for the convincing proofs he had given of his immoveable attachment to her. Charlotte, unluckily, at that instant, entirely mistaking the views of Saunders, and looking upon the discovery he had made as a mere fiction originating from envy and disappointment, gave not the least credit to what she heard. She persisted in believing that the Count was the man he appeared to be, and that she should, by marrying him, figure in the first circles at Paris. Under the powerful influence of this belief, she, with a formal civility, desired Mr. Saunders to take no more trouble about her, as she knew exceedingly well how to conduct herself without his advice.

Struck at the coldness with which this answer was delivered, and shocked at the same time at
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her obstinate perseverance in an error, which could not but be productive of consequences, destructive of her peace, he could not bring himself to articulate a reply——His tongue was motionless——he bowed——and retired in silence.

As soon as Charlotte returned to the house, after having dismissed one of her best friends, in a manner which he had little merited, she informed her *false one*, Mrs. Brindley, of what had passed concerning the Count.

“ And did you give credit to it,” said Mrs. Brindley, in great eagerness, as if she was much interested in her companion’s faith upon the occasion.

Charlotte, by returning an answer in the negative, removed her apprehensions, and in a subsequent speech made her quite easy about the Count concerning whom she had been in no small agitation, from the instant Saunders flew from her (before she could stop him as she intended) into the garden.

In a few days after this conversation, Charlotte gave her hand to the *nominal* Count F——, and by putting her person and fortune in his possession, plunged herself into a situation by which her
pride

pride was severely mortified, and her peace totally destroyed.

The very morning after she rose one of the happiest of brides, in her own opinion, in Paris, she discovered in a corner of her room, an open letter, written in Mrs. Brindley's hand; and on seeing her own name mentioned in it, she was doubly prompted by curiosity to peruse the whole contents. The perusal of them almost deprived her of senses, for she now found that she had been by her *friend's* connivance (upon the promise of receiving apart of her fortune) married to the very man whom her most faithful lover had described: and not to the man—not to the Count—to whose history of himself she had listened with too much attention, and with too much credulity. She determined immediately to get rid of Mrs. Brindley; but she soon discovered that it was no easy matter to dislodge her, as she was protected by her husband, who proved an imperious tyrant, and forced her to wish, a thousand times a day, that she had married the sincere friend, and constant lover, who had so generously warned her against the precipice to which she was hastening with all the rashness of *precipitation*.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, universally acknowledged to be the ablest philosopher and mathematician that this, or perhaps any other nation has produced, is also well known to have been a firm believer and a serious christian. His discoveries concerning the frame and system of the universe were applied by him to demonstrate the being of a God, and to illustrate his power and wisdom in the creation.

This great man applied himself likewise with the utmost attention to the study of the holy scriptures, and considered the several parts of them with uncommon exactness; particularly as to the order of time, and the series of prophecies and events relating to the Messiah. Upon which head he left behind him an elaborate discourse, to prove that the famous prophecy of Daniel's weeks, which has been so industriously perverted by the Deists of our times, was an express prophecy of the coming of the Messiah, and fulfilled in Jesus Christ.

E D U C A T I O N.

SO important a concern did the right education of children appear to Augustus Cæsar, that, when master of the world, he himself attended to that of his Grand-children. He instructed them in the rudiments of literature and science, and was peculiarly assiduous to teach them to imitate his own hand-writing. They always supped in his company, and were placed on the lowest couch; and, on all his journies they either preceded him in another carriage, or rode on horseback by his side.

His daughters and grand-daughters by his direction were carefully taught to spin; and they were habituated to speak and act on all occasions so openly, that every word and deed might be entered in a journal.

In the schools of philosophy anciently, were taught the great maxims of true policy; the rules of every kind of duty; the motives for a true discharge of them;—what we owe to our country;—the right use of authority;—wherein true courage consists. In a word, the qualities that form the good citizen, statesman, and great commander.

ON THE

INFLUENCE of FASHION.

THEY who are exempted by their elevated condition from the confinement of commercial and professional life, involve themselves in voluntary slavery, by engaging in the service of the tyrant Fashion. Actions in themselves pleasing and innocent, they are compelled to abstain from, however strong their inclination, because the caprice of some distinguished character has prohibited them by his example. Like the dumbest of animals, they are driven round the same circle; from which once to deviate, would subject them to an appellation of all others the most formidable. To be called profligate, extravagant, intemperate, or even wicked, might be tolerated with patience; but who could bear to live with the epithet of ungenteel? People of fashion, once admitted to this honourable title, form a little world of their own, and learn to look down upon all others as beings of a subordinate nature. It is then a natural question, in what does this superiority consist? It arises not from learning, for the most illiterate claim it, and are indulged in the claim: it arises not from virtue, for the most vicious are not excluded. Wealth, beauty, birth,
and

and elegance, are not the only qualifications for it; because many enjoy it who have no just pretensions to either. It seems to be a combination of numbers, who agree to imitate each other and to maintain, by the majority of voices, and the effrontery of pride, that all they do is proper, and all they say is sensible; that their dress is becoming, their manners polite, their houses tasteful; their furniture, their carriages, all that appertains to them, the very quintessence of real beauty. Those who come not within the pale of their jurisdiction, they condemn with papal authority to perpetual insignificance. They stigmatize them by wholesale, as people whom no-body knows, as the scum of the earth, as born only to minister to their pride, and to supply the wants of their luxury.

Groundless as are the pretensions of this confederacy, no pains are avoided to become an adopted member. For this, the stripling squanders his patrimony, and destroys his constitution. For this, the virgin bloom of innocence and beauty is withered at the vigils of the card-table. For this, the loss of integrity, and public infamy, are willingly incurred; and it is agreed by many, that it were better to go out of the world, than to live in it and be unfashionable. If this distinction

is really valuable, and if the happiness or misery of life depends upon obtaining or losing it, then are the thousands, who walk the private path of life, objects of the sincerest pity. Some consolation must be devised for the greater part of the community who have never breathed the atmosphere of St. James's, nor embarrassed their fortunes, nor ruined their health, in pursuit of this glorious elevation. Perhaps, on an impartial review, it will appear that these are really possessed of that happiness which vanity would arrogate to itself, and yet only seems to obtain.

The middle ranks of mankind are the most virtuous, the best accomplished, and the most capable of enjoying the pleasures and advantages which fall to the lot of human nature. It is not the least of these, that they are free from the necessity of attending to those formalities which engross the attention, and waste the time of the higher classes, without any adequate return of satisfaction. Horace, who was far less illustrious by his birth and station, than by his elegance of manners, was wont to congratulate himself, that he could ride on a little mule to the remotest town of Italy without ridicule or molestation; while his patrons could hardly move a step, but with the unwieldy pomp of an equipage and retinue.

The

The single article of dress, which, when splendid, requires the labour and attention of many hours, becomes a wretched task to those who wish to employ their time with honour, with improvement, with pleasure, and the possibility of a satisfactory retrospection. Visits of form, of which every one complains, yet to which every one in some measure submits, are absolutely necessary to keep up the union of the fashionable confederacy. The more numerous, the more honourable. To be permitted to spend five minutes, or to leave a card at the houses of half the inhabitants of the politer streets, is a felicity which compensates for all the trouble of attendance and tedious preparation. To behold a train of coaches, some perhaps with coronets on their sides, crowding to their door; to hear the fulminations of a skilful footman, are joys of which the inhabitant of a rural retreat has little conception; but which delightfully affect the fine feelings of those who are made of purer clay, and who are honoured with the name of fashionable. From this severe persecution, the man who aspires not at such honours is happily free. He visits his friend, because he feels friendly sentiments for him, and is received with cordiality. The intervals of company he can devote to study, and to the pursuit of business and amusement; for his communications with his friends

friends require not at all the preparatory trouble of fashionable formality. In the unreserved pleasures of conversation, he looks with reciprocal pity on the club of Almack's, nor envies those who knock at an hundred doors in an evening, and who have the privilege of sitting half an hour in company where profession supplies the place of sincerity.

The effects of Fashion constitute very wonderful phænomena in the moral world. It can transform deformity to beauty, and beauty to deformity. When we view the dresses in a picture gallery, we are tempted to ridicule the shocking taste of our grandfathers and grandmothers; and yet there is not the least doubt but they appeared beautiful and becoming when they were worn, and that the garb of the spectator, who now censures them, would have been then equally ridiculous.

During the short period of a life, the fluctuations of taste are strikingly remarkable. A small buckle or a large buckle, a short coat or a long coat, a high or low head dress, appear in their turns, in the course of only a few years, laughably absurd. Manners, books, poetry, painting, building, gardening, undergo a similar alteration. The prevailing taste is at the time supposed to be the perfect taste;

taste: a few years past, and it is exploded as monstrous; a new one is adopted; that is also soon despised, and the old one, in the capricious vicissitudes of the innovating spirit, is revived once more to go through the same revolutions. There is certainly a standard of rectitude in manners, decorum, and taste; but it is more discovered than preserved. The vanity of the great and opulent will ever be affecting new modes in order to increase that notice to which it thinks itself entitled. The lower ranks will imitate them as soon as they have discovered the innovation. Whether right or wrong, beautiful or deformed, in the essential nature of things, is of little moment. The pattern is set by a superior, and authority will at any time countenance absurdity. A hat, a coat, a shoe, deemed fit to be worn only by a great grandfire, is no sooner put on by a Lord, than it becomes graceful in the extreme, and is generally adopted from the first Lord of the Treasury to the apprentice in Houndsditch.

It must be allowed, indeed, that while Fashion exerts her arbitrary power in matters which tend not to the corruption of morals, or of taste in the fine arts, she may be suffered to rule without limitation. But the misfortune is, that she will, like other Potentates, encroach on provinces
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where her jurisdiction is usurped. The variations she is continually introducing in dress, are of service in promoting commerce. The whims of the rich feed the poor. The variety and the restlessness caused by the changes in the modes of external embellishment, contribute to please and employ those whose wealth and personal insignificance prevent them from finding more manly objects, and more rational entertainment. But when the same caprice which gives law to the wardrobe extends itself to the library; when the legislator of an assembly dictates in the schools, regulates religion, and directs education, it is time that reason should vindicate her rights against the encroachments of folly. Yet so fascinating is the influence of general example, that they who possess reason in its most improved state, are known to follow Fashion with blind obedience. The Scholar and the Philosopher are hurried away with the rapidity of the torrent. To stand singular, is to present a mark for the shafts of scorn and malevolence. For the sake of ease, therefore, men are induced to join the throng, which they must resist without success, but not without receiving injury in the conflict. Compliance is wisdom, where opposition is inefficacious.

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With respect to the distinction claimed by people of fashion, it is certain that they who are elevated by station, fortune, and a correspondent education, are often distinguished by a peculiar elegance of manners resulting from their improvements. But this ought not to inspire pride, or teach them to separate from the rest of mankind. It should give them a spirit of benevolence, and lead them to promote the happiness of others, in return for the goodness of Providence in bestowing on them superior advantages, without any merit of their own. They should be convinced, that the warmest Philanthropist is the truest Gentleman.

ANECDOTE

OF

SERJEANT DAVY.

SERJEANT DAVY, when a celebrated Law Lord, in spite of decency, persisted in coming down to Westminster-Hall to try causes on Good-Friday, cried out, loud enough to be heard by him, "Your Lordship then will be the first Judge since Pontius Pilate's time, who ever did
E business

business on that day." When the same Judge, on the pertinacity of a great Lawyer to a certain point, said, " If this be law, Sir, I must burn all my books I see;" " Your Lordship," replied the Counsellor, " had much better read them first.

M E M O I R S

OF A

RAKE.

I AM descended from parents of distinction, who were not more celebrated for their riches than their virtues. I was an only son, and so great a favorite, that I enjoyed all sorts of indulgencies; and being of a gay, thoughtless disposition, soon fell in with all the fashionable diversions, soon became acquainted with all the fashionable vices, and soon contracted all the fashionable distempers of the town. In a few years, however, I found such a decay in my constitution by a *regular* course of debauchery, that I began to be alarmed; and in order to conceal the true cause of my ill state of health from my father, desired his consent to make the *tour of England*, but at the same time determined to take private lodgings

lodgings at a village near London till I had (by entering into a salutary regimen) repaired my shattered frame. In this retreat I was attended by a faithful servant, and, for particular reasons, changed my name. By the assistance of a skilful physician I recovered much sooner than I expected, but recovered only to contract new disorders, for with my health my passions too returned, and hurried me on to those scenes from which I had fled with so much detestation. It was here I commenced an acquaintance with a fine young girl who frequently visited the family where I lodged. This girl's father had been dead about a year, leaving her to the care of a rigid mother-in-law, with a very small income. I was immediately struck with the youth and beauty of this lovely creature, and resolved to procure her for a mistress: but when I discovered, on a more intimate acquaintance, the beauties of her mind, and her easy unaffected innocence, I was somewhat startled at the thoughts of undermining her virtue. But having early imbibed a set of loose principles, and knowing if I could bring myself to like matrimony, that my father would never consent to so unequal a match, I boldly pursued my first design, and employed the most insinuating arts to conquer her prudery, and to *sap* that virtue which I could not *storm*: but all my attempts

were vain, for the love-inspiring Fanny was mistress of so excellent an understanding, and so resolute, that partly by arguments, and partly by flights, she baffled all my schemes for her undoing. My passions however increased so much, that I was animated to repeat my attacks, and at length prevailed on her to agree to a private marriage. I provided a genteel apartment for her in town, and saw her as often as I could, during the space of two years, before the expiration of which she brought into the world a daughter, of whom I was then very fond; but length of time, my own unsettled disposition, and the sight of a young lady of fashion, to whom my father introduced me for a husband, made me abandon for ever one of the gentlest creatures that man can be blest with. I left a bank note of 500*l.* on her toilet one morning, with a letter, wherein I told her in what manner I had deceived her, and that I should never see her again. It was not without the most cutting reflections that I committed this masterpiece of barbarity, (for so I must call it) as I knew she loved me with the sincerest tenderness. But a new face quickly restored me to my usual tranquillity, and I had nothing to fear from her, because she could produce no certificate of our marriage. My intended wife received my addresses with pleasure;—but alas! how vain are all

all sublunary schemes!—she was seized with the small pox, which raged with such violence that she died in a few days. A disappointment of this kind would perhaps have made a deep impression on a man of less volatility, but I soon recovered from it, plunged headlong into all my former extravagancies, and took my fill once more of what fine gentlemen call pleasure. At the end of three years my father died and left me a very large fortune. I had attended him closely during his illness, and having many opportunities to meditate on my past follies, resolved to forsake them; but this unexpected supply, and the increase of company it naturally produced, encouraged me to proceed, till at last I grew weary and dissatisfied. I looked back with horror on a mispent life, and would have given the world to retrieve my peace of mind. No part of my life could I recollect with any satisfaction but that which I spent with my once much-loved and most amiable Fanny. I reflected on the injuries she had received from me, and often wished that I had it my power to ask her forgiveness. I went myself to the place where we had enjoyed so many hours exquisite happiness, but all the people had been a long while removed, and nobody could tell me whither. I was fatigued with enquiries to no purpose, and concluded that both *she* and her *child* were

were *dead*,—perhaps with grief, for my unkind usage. These thoughts afflicted me so much that I fell dangerously ill, and just on the brink of recovery, was advised by my physicians to try the country air. According to their advice I set out for an estate I had in Dorsetshire, accompanied by a very agreeable young friend, to whom my father had been guardian: but he dying before my friend was of age, an uncle of mine was chosen in his stead. He was much younger than myself, and became not my intimate till I had quitted my follies. We arrived there in the finest spring I ever saw, and as exercise was one of my Doctor's prescriptions, I walked every evening in the adjacent fields.

In one of these evening migrations, as we crossed a field bounded by a small farm, we met a very beautiful rural nymph, I took not much notice of her at first, (for I was grown quite indifferent to the sex) but my companion was instantly charmed with her figure, and approaching her, asked in the politest manner a few questions about herself and family, to which she replied with great modesty, prudence, and good humour. When she left us he was very lavish of his encomiums on her person and manners, and after this interview I missed him several evenings. He always told me on his
return

return he had discoursed with the pretty rustic, and discovered her to be a most amiable creature. He usually finished his panegyrick with saying "How happy will that man be who first inspires her gentle heart with love! This fond exclamation brought to my remembrance my first interview with the innocent Fanny. He prevailed on me with great difficulty to accompany him the next meeting. I went to oblige him, but could not help taking out a picture of my dear Fanny, (while my friend was engaged with his fair companion) which was drawn in the days of our fondness, and which I carried about me ever after my fruitless search for her.

While I was lost in ruminating on the precious moments I had spent in Fanny's company, my attention was diverted by the sudden appearance of a countryman whom the rustic maiden was desirous of avoiding; upon this I hastily put the picture in my pocket, (as I thought;) but when I came home and pulled out my handkerchief, no picture was to be found. A loss of this kind made me very uneasy: I told my friend of it, and added, "perhaps your favorite has picked it up in her walks." A lucky thought replied he; I shall at least have a good excuse to ask for her at the house, where she has assured me she lives, with

with her mother and aunt. I am impatient, continued he, to see them, for if they are as agreeable as I imagine the relations of so lovely a girl must be, I am resolved to be united to her for ever."

At the close of this speech I sighed; Fanny's image again rose in my mind, and I could not help saying to myself, "What happiness might I now have enjoyed, had my passions been regulated by virtue and honour?"

The next morning he set out to the farm, but returned with looks of astonishment, and thus addressed me: I have been witness to a very extraordinary, and afflicting scene. On my asking to speak with the young lady, a tight lads conducted me into a little parlour, where a venerable old lady, with another much younger, were ready to receive me. They were both dressed plain, but neat. The elder, rose with great dignity, to accost me, the other, by a wildness in her countenance, seemed to be surprized and disappointed at the sight of me, and could only make a sign to her companion, who asked me very politely if I had any business with her niece.

"I have often had the pleasure of meeting your niece, madam," said I, "and should be happy in
being

being permitted to wait on you and her at some leisure hours, as I am your neighbour, and desirous of cultivating an acquaintance with all your family; (bowing respectfully to both ladies) but my present business is only with your niece—I came to enquire if she found a picture yesterday in her walks, which a friend of mine dropped somewhere (he imagines) in the grass.”

“ Yes, Sir,” replied the lady, who had not power to speak before; “ my daughter found it, and the sight of it renewed the greatest sorrow I ever felt. Here it is; I restore it to you and your friend.”

“ She could say no more—a flood of tears burst at that instant from her eyes, and prevented farther speech. I was moved with her grief; and stood full of admiration at the graces of her person, and manner of behaving, and could only assure her of my concern for being the unfortunate (though innocent) occasion of her distress, offering her my assistance to remove it. I begged her permission to attend her at a more proper time, but she just recovered herself enough to tell me, in broken accents, that I must excuse her not receiving any more visits from me, and immediately left the room.

I scarcely gave my friend an opportunity to
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finish

finish his recital, for being strongly prepossessed that this fair mourner might be my long-lost Fanny, I hastily asked him if she resembled the picture? "Yes, indeed she does," replied he. "Then, said I, in a transport of joy, "I shall once more possess the most deserving of wives, and most lovely of daughters.—I waited not for an answer, but flew to the farm, demanded an entrance, and found my poor Fanny bathed in tears, with my darling child in her arms.—I threw myself about her neck, and as soon as I could speak, entreated her forgiveness with an unfeigned earnestness, and begged that she would take me once again into her favour, without dreading another separation.—Surprise and joy for a while deprived her of speech: she could only strain me in her arms, with her streaming eyes turned alternately on me and her child, with the most expressive tenderness. Before we had recovered ourselves from the first workings of the passions, my friend, who followed me, and had gained admittance, entered the room with the venerable lady, and both stood astonished at so affecting a scene.

My wife presented my daughter to me, whom she had informed of her birth, &c. As soon as our drooping spirits were recruited, I desired my dearest Fanny to tell me what had happened to her

her during our long separation, which she did in the following manner.

When I read your cruel intentions of never seeing me again, I fell senseless on the floor, from which I was raised by the woman of the house, who ran up on hearing the shrieks of my servant. She too read the letter, which I had dropped in my fright, and offered all the consolation that good sense and good nature could suggest; but in vain, for I not only lamented the loss of reputation, but the loss of a man's affection whom I loved tenderly, and by whom I thought I was as tenderly beloved. This dreadful disappointment threw me into a violent fever, from which I was almost miraculously delivered by the humanity and assiduity of my landlady, who endeavoured to preserve my life (as she afterwards told me) not only for my own sake, but for my child's. When my health was reinstated, she said I must think of getting a livelihood in some profitable and amusing way. "I have a sister," continued she, "older than myself, to whom I have told your story; she is in a genteel business, and has consented, if you have no objection, to take you as a partner in the trade." I agreed with pleasure and gratitude to this proposal, but to avoid a great deal of uneasiness, changed my name.—With this humane lady,

(pointing to her) I and my daughter lived ten years; she then left off business, and persuaded me to do the same, assuring me that we should be her heirs, as my good-natured landlady was dead, and she had no other relations. We agreed to leave the town, and chose this place, where we have dwelt ever since in retirement, and passed for sisters; my only wish being to keep my child from meeting with her mother's fate. As we had no neighbours but females, I trusted her often to pass over the fields alone to the widow lady's, of whom we rent this little cottage: but how was I amazed last night when she showed me my own picture, and told me that a gentleman, whom she often met in the fields, had, she believed, dropt it. I was much alarmed, and concluded you to be the gentleman, and feared you had laid the same snare for your own child, as you had for her unhappy mother. I kept her, therefore, at home, till I could compose my ruffled thoughts on this discovery. I shuddered with horror at your designs upon your own daughter, while all the inclination I had felt for you as my husband revived, and I intended to leave the place this day, when the news came of a stranger's arrival. I imagined that you was the visitor, and knew not, how to act, but before I could resolve, your friend appeared, and asked for my picture:—I gave it, and left him abruptly,

bruptly, though not without making my concern visible. Afterwards I called my child, and was telling her my dismal tale, and final resolution to quit this cottage, when you entered my apartment.

To conclude this long narrative, I must inform you that I lived many happy years with my dear Fanny after this adventure, and received, if possible, more satisfaction in the renewal of our affection, than I did at its first beginning. To complete our felicity, we had the pleasure of seeing our lovely child happy in the possession of that amiable friend, who was so accidentally instrumental in bringing about our second union.

ON

BEAUTY.

EVERY object that is pleasing to the eye, when looked upon, or delightful to the mind, on recollection, may be called beautiful; so that beauty, in general, may stretch as wide as the visible creation or even as far as the imagination can go, which is a sort of new, or secondary creation. Thus we speak not only of the beauties of an engaging prospect, of the rising or setting sun, or of

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a fine starry Heaven, but of those of a picture, statue, or building, and even of the actions, characters, or thoughts of men. In the greater part of these, there may be almost as many false beauties as there are real, according to the different tastes of nations and men; so that, if any one was to consider beauty in its fullest extent, it could not be done without the greatest confusion. I shall therefore confine my subject to visible beauty, and am apt to think every thing belonging to it might fall under one or other of these four heads, *colour, form, expression, and grace*; the two former of which I look upon as the body, and the two latter as the soul of beauty.

Though colour be the lowest of all the constituent parts of beauty, yet it is vulgarly the most striking, and the most observed. The colour of the body in general, the most beautiful perhaps that ever was imagined, was that which Apelles expressed in his famous Venus; and which, though the picture itself be lost, Cicero has, in some degree, preserved to us in his excellent description of it. It was a fine red, beautifully intermixed and incorporated with white; and diffused, in its due proportions, through each part of the body.—Such are the descriptions of a most beautiful skin, in several of the Roman Poets; and such often is the colouring

colouring of Titan, and particularly in his sleeping Venus, or whatever other beauty that charming piece was meant to represent.

The reason why these colours please so much, is not only their natural liveliness, together with the greater charms they obtain from their being properly blended together, but also the idea they carry with them of good health; without which, all beauty grows languid and less engaging; and with which it always recovers an additional life and lustre.

A great deal of the colour of the face in particular is owing to variety, that being designed by nature for the greatest assemblage of different colours of any part in the human body. Colours please by opposition; and it is in the face that they are most diversified, and the most opposed.

The beauty of an evening sky, about the setting of the sun, is owing to the variety of colours that are scattered along the face of the Heavens. It is the fine red clouds, intermixed with white, and sometimes darker ones, with the azure bottom appearing here and there between them, which makes all that beautiful composition that delights the eye so much, and gives such a serene pleasure to the heart. In the same manner, if you consider some
beautiful

beautiful faces, you may observe that it is much the same variety of colours which gives them that pleasing look which is so apt to attract the eye, and but too often to engage the heart: for all this sort of beauty is resolvable into a proper variation of flesh colour and red, with the clear blueness of the veins pleasingly intermixed about the temples and the going off of the cheeks, and set off by the shades of full eye-brows; and of the hair, when it falls in a proper manner round the face. But, though one's judgment is so apt to be guided by some particular attachments, and that more, perhaps, in this part of beauty than any other, yet I am a good deal persuaded that a complete brown beauty is really preferable to a perfect fair one, the bright brown giving a lustre to all the other colours, a vivacity to the eye, and a richness to the whole look, which one seeks in vain in the whitest and most transparent skins. Raphael's most charming Madona is a brunette beauty; and all the best artists in the noblest age of painting, about Leo the Tenth's time, used this deeper and richer kind of colouring.

Form takes in the turn of each part, as well as the symmetry of the whole body, even to the turn of an eye-brow, or the falling of the hair. I should think, too, that the attitude, while fixed, ought

ought to be reckoned under this article: by which I do not only mean the posture of the person, but the position of each part; as the turning of the neck, the extending of the hand, the placing of a foot, and so on to the most minute particulars.

The general cause of beauty in the form of shape, in both sexes, is a proportion, or an union and harmony, in all parts of the body. The distinguishing character of beauty, in the female form, is delicacy and softness; and, in the male, either apparent strength, or agility. The finest examples that can be seen, for the former, is the Venus of Medici; and, for the two latter, the Hercules Farnese, and the Apollo Belvidere. There is one thing, indeed, in the last of these figures, which is called the transcendent, or Cæstial. It is something distinct from all human beauty, and of a nature greatly superior to it; something that seems like an air of Divinity, which is expressed, or at least is to be traced out, in but very few works of the artists; and of which scarce any of the Poets have caught any in their description, or perhaps even in their imagination, except Homer and Virgil among the ancients, and our Shakespeare and Milton among the moderns.

The beauty of the mere human form is much superior to that of colour; and it may be partly for

this reason, that when one is observing the finest works of the artists at Rome, where there is still the noblest collection of any in the world, one feels the mind more struck and more charmed with the capital statues, than with the pictures of the greatest masters.

The two other constituent parts of beauty are *expression* and *grace*: the former of which is common to all persons and faces, and the latter is to be met with in very few. By *expression*, I mean the expression of the passions; the turns and changes of the mind, so far as they are made visible to the eye, by our looks or gestures.

Though the mind appears principally in the face, and attitudes of the head, yet every part almost of the human body, on some occasion or other, may become expressive. Thus the languishing hanging of the arm, or the vehement exertion of it; the pain expressed by the finger of one of the sons, in the famous groupe of Laocoon, and in the toes of the dying gladiator. But this, again, is often lost among us by our dress; and, indeed, is of less concern, because the expression of the passions passes chiefly in the face, which we by good luck have not as yet concealed.

The parts of the face, in which the passions most frequently make their appearance, are the eyes
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and mouth ; but from the eyes they diffuse themselves very strongly about the eye brows, as, in the other case, they appear often in the parts all round the mouth.

Philosophers may dispute as much as they please about the seat of the soul : but, wherever it resides, I am sure that it speaks in the eyes. I do not know whether I have not injured the eye-brows, in making them only dependants on the eye ; for they, especially in lively faces, have, as it were, a language of their own ; and are extremely varied, according to the different sentiments and passions of the mind.

We may say, in general, that all the tender and kind passions add to beauty, and all the cruel and unkind ones add to deformity ; and it is on this account that good nature may, very justly, be said to be “the best feature, even in the finest face.”

Mr. Pope has included the principal passion of each sort in two very pretty lines.

Love, Hope and Joy, fair pleasure’s smiling train ;
Hate, Fear, and Grief the family of pain.

The former of which naturally give an additional lustre and enlivening to a beauty, as the latter are too apt to fling a gloom and cloud over it.

Yet in these, and all the other passions, I do not know whether moderation may not be, in a great measure, the rule of their beauty, almost as far as moderation in actions is the rule of virtue. Thus, an excessive joy may be too boisterous in the face to be pleasing; and a degree of grief, in some faces, and on some occasions, may be extremely beautiful. Some degrees of anger, shame, surprize, fear, and concern, are beautiful; but all excess is hurtful, and all excess ugly. Dullness, austerity, impudence, pride, affectation, malice, and envy, are, I believe, always ugly; so that the chief rule of the beauty of the passions is moderation, and the part in which they appear most strongly is the eyes. It is there that love holds all his tenderest language: it is there that virtue commands, modesty charms, joy enlivens, sorrow engages, and inclination fires the heart of the beholders: it is there that even fear, and anger, and confusion, can be charming. But all these, to be charming, must be kept within their due bounds and limits; for too sullen an appearance of virtue, a violent prostitute swell of passion, a rustic and overwhelming modesty, a deep sadness, or too wild and impetuous a joy, become all either oppressive or disagreeable.

The last finishing and noblest part of beauty is
Grace,

Grace, which every body is accustomed to speak of as a thing inexplicable, and in a great measure I believe it is so. We know that the soul is, but we scarce know what it is : every judge of beauty can point out grace, but no one has ever yet fixed upon a definition for it.

Grace often depends on some very little-incidents in a fine face ; and, in actions, it consists more in the manner of doing things, than in the things themselves. It is perpetually varying its appearances, and is therefore much more difficult to be considered than any thing fixed and steady. While you look upon one it steals from under the eye of the observer ; and is succeeded, perhaps, by another, that flits away as soon ; and as imperceptibly

It is on this account that grace is better to be studied in Coregio's, Guido's, and Raphael's pictures, than in real life. Thus, for instance, if I wanted to discover what it is that makes anger graceful in a set of features full of the greatest sweetness, I should rather endeavour to find it out in Guido's St. Michael, than in a beautiful lady's face ; because, in the pictured Angel, one has full leisure to consider it ; but, in the living one, it would be too transient and changeable to be the subject of any steady observation.

But,

But, though one cannot punctually say what grace is, we may point out the parts and things in which it is most apt to appear.

The chief dwelling-place of grace is about the mouth; though, at times, it may visit every limb or part of the body. But the mouth is the chief seat of grace, as much as the chief seat for the beauty of the passions is in the eyes.

In a very graceful face (by which I do not so much mean a majestic, as a soft and pleasing one,) there is, now and then, a certain deliciousness that almost always lives about the mouth, in something not quite enough to be called a smile, but rather an approach towards one, which varies gently about the different lines there, like a little fluttering Cupid; and, perhaps, sometimes discovers a little dimple, that after just lightening upon you disappears, and again appears by fits. This I take to be one of the most pleasing sorts of grace of any.

The grace of attitudes may belong to the position of each part, as well as to the carriage or disposition of the whole body: but how much more it belongs to the head, than to any other part, may be seen in the pieces of the most celebrated painters; and particularly in those of Guido, who has been rather too lavish in bestowing this beauty on
almost

almost all his fine women; whereas nature has given it in so high a degree but to very few.

The turns of the neck are extremely capable of grace, and are very easy to be observ'd, and very difficult to be accounted for: and how much of this grace may belong to the arm and feet, as well as to the neck and head, may be seen in dancing.

There are two very distinct sorts of grace, the majestic and the familiar: the former belongs chiefly to the very fine women, and the latter to the very pretty ones, that is more commending, and this the more delightful and engaging. Milton speaks of these two sorts of grace, and gives the majestic to his Adam, and both the familiar and majestic to Eve; but the latter in the less degree than the former.

But, though grace is so difficult to be accounted for in general, yet I have observed two particular things, which, I think, hold universally in relation to it. The first is, "That there is no grace without motion:" by which I mean, without some genteel or pleasing motion, either of the whole body, or of some limb, or at least of some feature. The second is, "That there can be no grace with impropriety;" or, in other words, that nothing can be graceful, that is not adapted to the characters of the person.

Hence

Hence the graces of a little lively beauty would become ungraceful in the character of Majesty, as the majestic air of an Empress would quite destroy the prettiness of the former. The vivacity that adds a grace to beauty in youth, would give an additional deformity to old age; and the very same airs which would be charming on some occasions, may be quite shocking when extremely mistimed, or extremely misplaced.

But, if we are enchanted with excellencies of the human form, what shall we say of the beauties of the works of nature? If we look upon the earth, we see it laid out in a thousand beautiful inequalities, and a pleasing variety of plains, hills, and mountains, generally clothed by Nature in a living green, the colour that is the most delightful, and the most refreshing to the eye, diversified with an infinity of different lights and shades, adorned with various sorts of trees, fruits and flowers; interspersed often with winding rivers, or limpid streams, or spreading lakes, or terminating, perhaps, on a view of the sea, which is for ever changing its form, and in every form is pleasing.

If we look up to the Heavens, how charming are the rising of the sun, the gentle azure of the noble arch expanded over our heads, the various
appear-

appearance and colours of the clouds, the fleeting flower, and the painted bow? even in the absence of its great enlivener, the sun, we see it all studded with living lights, or gilded by the more solemn beauties of the moon, most pleasing in her infant shape, and most majestic when in her full orb.

If we turn to the different sorts of animals, it is observable enough among them, that the beauty which is designed chiefly to please one another, in their own species, is so contrived as to diffuse pleasure to those of other species, or at least to man. How beautiful, even to us, are the colours that adorn the necks of the pigeon or the pheasant, the train of the mackaw and peacock, and the whole dress of several sorts of birds, more particularly in the Eastern parts of the world! How neat and pleasing is the make of the deer, the greyhound, and several sorts of horses! How beautiful is the expression of the passions in a faithful dog! And they are not even without some degrees of grace, as may be seen in particular in the natural motions of a Chinese pheasant, or the acquired ones of a managed horse. And I the rather take part of the beauty of all these creatures to be meant by the bounty of nature for us, because most of the different sorts of sea fish, which live chiefly out of our sight, are of colours

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and forms more hideous, or at best least agreeable to us.

And, as the beauty of one species of animals may be so designed and adapted as to give pleasure to many others, so the beauty of different worlds may not be confined to each, but be carried on from one world to another, and from one system of worlds to another, and may end in one great universal beauty of all created matter taken in one view.

And yet all the profusion of beauty I have been speaking of, and even that of the whole universe taken together, is but of a weaker nature, in comparison of the beauty of virtue.—It was extremely well said by Plato, that, *If Virtue was to appear in a visible shape, all men would be enamoured of her.* And, indeed, the beauty of virtue, or goodness, exceeds all other beauty as much as the soul does the body.

The highest object of beauty that we can see, is the goodness of God, as displayed in the works of the creation. In him all goodness and beauty dwell; and whatever there is of moral beauty in the whole universe besides, is only as so many emanations from the Divine Author of all that is good and beautiful.

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We sometimes see a few feeble rays of this beauty reflected in human actions, but much discoloured by the medium through which they pass; and yet, how charming do they even thus appear in some persons, and on some occasions! All the grandeur of the world is as nothing, in comparison of any one of these good becoming deeds.

There is a mighty easy consequence to be drawn from all this, which well deserves to be more generally observed. If virtue be the chief beauty, people, to be beautiful, should endeavour to be virtuous; and should avoid vice, and all the worst sort of passions, as they would fly deformity; for, indeed, vice is the most odious of all deformities.



T H E

Treachery of Ethelwold,

T H E

Favourite of Edgar, King of England.

ELFRIDA, was the daughter of Ordgar count of Devon, and though educated in a private manner, was so beautiful, that the fame of her charms reached the ears of Edgar, king of England. In order to satisfy himself whether her beauty answered the report he had heard of it, he sent Ethelwold his favourite, who, under pretext of a visit to the father, got a sight of the daughter. As he was then young, and susceptible of the impressions of a fair face, he was so captivated with Elfrida's charms, that he proved false to his trust, and made his addresses to the lady. On his return to the king, he described her in such a manner as convinced Edgar, that she was neither a proper object for his curiosity nor affections. Having thus diverted the king's thoughts from Elfrida, he took an opportunity to represent to him that she would prove an advantageous match to himself, though by no means worthy of a monarch; and having obtained his consent to demand her in marriage, succeeded in his suit. Ethelwold had
not

not long enjoyed the fruits of his treachery, before the whole mystery was revealed to the king. Edgar, however disssembled his resentment, till he had ocular demonstration of his perfidy. For this purpose he found some pretence for travelling near Ethelwold's house, and declared his intention of visiting a lady who was so much cried up for her beauty. The earl posted away with the news to his wife, at the same time advising her to use all the methods she could to conceal her graces from the eyes of an amorous monarch, who would satisfy his desires at the expence of her chastity. Elfrida being by these means acquainted with the wrong done to herself as well as to the king, was filled with resentment, and instead of following her husband's advice, made use of every art to set her charms out to the greatest advantage, and to make herself appear the more amiable. This interview served only to convince the king that his favourite had abused his confidence. He disssembled his resentment, and sent Ethelwold a little while after against the Danes, to secure the coast of Northumberland, and in his way thither he was found murdered. No steps were taken to find out the authors of this crime, but Elfrida, as soon as decency would permit, was married to the king.

ANECDOTE

OF

Joseph the Second, Emperor of Germany.

AN old Austrian officer, being reduced to the half pay establishment, with a large family, presented a memorial to the Emperor, setting forth the indigence of his circumstances, and particularly mentioning, that he had then ten helpless children to support. His Majesty inquired where he lived, went privately in disguise to the house, upon some foreign pretence or other, and observing the number of boys and girls about him to be eleven, asked carelessly if they were all his? “ No, Sir, (replied the good old soldier;) one of them is a poor orphan, that a motive of mere humanity has induced me to feed and cloath along with my own. The Monarch then discovered himself; not by throwing open his coat and displaying an embroidered vest, as Princes reveal themselves in modern tragedies; but by more unequivocal signs of royalty, by settling a pension upon each of the half score children; adding these truly noble and generous sentiment at the same time, that he left the orphan to his own care, as he should think it but an envious deed, to deprive him of the virtuous pleasures of providing for his charitable adoption himself.

COPY

COPY OF A LETTER,
WRITTEN BY AN EARL OF DERBY
TO OLIVER CROMWELL;

*It is couched in strong Terms of Dissatisfaction
towards the Usurper, and breathes an heroic
Spirit and Loyalty for his
SOVEREIGN.*

I RECEIVED your letter with indignation, and with scorn. I return you this answer, that I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes from me, that I should (like you) prove treacherous to my Sovereign, since you cannot be insensible of my former actions in his late Majesty's service, from which principle of loyalty I am no ways departed.

I scorn your proffers; I disdain your favour, I abhor your treasons; and am so far from delivering this island to your advantage, that I will keep it to the utmost of my power, to your destruction.

Take this final answer; and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messengers upon this occasion, I will burn the paper, and hang the bearer.

This

This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him, who accounts it the chiefest glory to be

His Majesty's most loyal
and obedient subject,
(Signed) DERBY.

Castle-Town,
12th July, 1619.

THE DISCONTENTED VILLAGER.

A MORAL TALE.

IN the mind where Discontent has fixed it's baneful root, we look in vain for the rosy blossoms of Happiness. Envy, and her ghastly train, destroy the infant buds of joy, and effectually exclude the sunshine of pleasure. No incident can illumine the clouded brow of Discontent, and no situation quiet it's restless and perturbed spirit. I was involuntarily led into these reflections, on observing the number of country girls that are, I may say, daily flocking to London, in search of visionary riches. To this propensity for emigration, in the minds of our village nymphs, we are indebted for the numerous females that nightly parade our streets, in contempt of decency; that shock the eye of Modesty, by their loose and wanton dress; and that wound the ear of Chastity,

by

by their indecorous language. Trace the origin of most of these pitiable objects, and you will find it centered in some rural village. To check this roving spirit, so fatally predominant in this class of my fair countrywomen, I submit to their perusal the following narrative; the leading features of which have truth for their recommendation.

Maria, the daughter of an industrious farmer, about threescore miles west of the metropolis, from an acquaintance with Lucy Farley, a neighbour's daughter, who had resided in town some years, and who had lately paid a visit to her friends, imbibed the pernicious notion of coming to London, as the country phrase is, "*to better her fortune.*" Her parents, for some time, firmly resisted all her solicitations: but, finding that she grew careless and negligent about her domestic employment, and was out of humour with every thing around her, they at length gave their reluctant consent. Her lover had already been forbid to speak to her more, for daring to oppose her wishes; and, to say the truth, the shewy appearance which her school-fellow had made in the village, and the account which her vanity gave of the number of handsome suitors she had at her command, operated so powerfully on the mind of Maria, that she determined to break down every obstacle that should oppose her inclination.

Every thing being prepared for her departure from her rustic habitation; from those rural scenes of artless innocence and delight; she walked, attended by her friends, to the alehouse in the village, where the waggon was then setting out for London. Her weeping parents strained her to their anxious bosoms, and bade her adieu; imploring Heaven to protect her from the snares and artifices of a deceitful world! Maria had a feeling heart, and could not behold, unmoved, the sorrows of her venerable parents. She paused awhile, undetermined whether to return with her friends, or prosecute her ill-advised journey. A few moments were employed in a struggle between affection and ambition: unhappily, the latter prevailed; and now behold the adventurous maid, in all the bloom of innocence and beauty, the inmate of this dissipated town.

On her arrival at the inn, she was met by her friend Lucy, who conducted her to the house of the family in which she lived, having her mistress's permission so to do. Diligent search was made for a situation for Maria; and, in a few days, a place offered, which was readily accepted, by the inexperienced girl.

Clarinda, to whose service she was preferred, was a lady of fashion, and kept a sumptuous train
of

of attendants. Her visitors were numerous, and of the first rank; but still Clarinda was indebted to her beauty for the luxuries she enjoyed, and the respect with which she was treated.

Melissa, the mistress of Lucy, and Clarinda, were almost inseparable companions; and Maria and her friend had frequent opportunities of conversing together. The innocent girl congratulated herself on her good fortune: but still the cloud of discontent rested on her mind. Lucy was caparisoned in attire but little inferior to that which graced her lady; while that of Maria was in the opposite extreme.

Lucy soon discovered the source of her friend's uneasiness, and, one evening, in the absence of her mistress, paid her a visit. Clarinda, too, was from home, and a favourable opportunity offered itself for discoursing on this topic. The abandoned Lucy, long initiated in the arts of prostitution, opened her whole soul to the astonished Maria; who, till that moment, believed herself in the service of a virtuous woman. And now it was that she lamented her rashness, in leaving her disconsolate parents, in search of grandeur and affluence. Tears of regret fell copiously from her lovely eyes: and she expressed her determination, the first moment that offered, to leave a

house where infamy, and every species of vice, were unblushingly practised. Her friend ridiculed the fears of the repenting girl, and laughed her from her intended elopement.

“ You must know, Maria,” said she, “ there is a certain gentleman, a visitor of my lady, who saw you at our house, and is fallen desperately in love with you; and, if you manage him as you ought, I will be bound you may in a little time command as splendid an equipage as she whom you now serve enjoys. I have promised that you should meet him at the house of a friend, where he intends to make you an offer of his love; and, knowing that your lady, as well as mine, would be absent to day, I have dispatched a note to inform him, that the meeting should take place this evening.”

Maria refused her assent to the proposition of her friend; but, so powerful an advocate was Lucy, and so specious an orator, that the too incautious Maria at length agreed to attend her. As soon, therefore, as tea was over, a coach was called; and the designing Lucy, and her credulous companion, set out for the habitation of this pretended friend.

With a palpitating heart, Maria alighted from the
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the coach; and, with a reluctant step, attended her friend into a small room on the first floor of the house, which was really no other than a celebrated bagnio in the vicinity of Covent Garden. The room, which was furnished in a stile, at once neat and elegant, was lighted with wax; around were hung a variety of pictures, whose subjects reflect eternal disgrace on the artist that invented them, the person that exposed them to view, and those who could without a blush behold them. To this resort of infamy was the devoted victim carried by the abandoned Lucy, at the request of Belmont, a young nobleman, an admirer of the frail Melissa; a professed libertine, who longed for the enjoyment of every handsome woman he saw, and who trampled on every law, both human and divine, to accomplish his sensual desires.

It is a general observation—and, I fear, a true one, when a woman has forfeited her claim to innocence, and her deportment is become openly meretricious, she wishes to reduce all her sex to the same level with herself. To accomplish this criminal wish, was one of the motives which actuated Lucy to betray her innocent friend into the hands of Belmont. Another, perhaps a no less powerful one, was the gratuity given by Belmont, to effect an interview; as an earnest of future reward,

ward, when he should realize his hopes of triumph over the incautious maid. For to the sin of prostitution, Lucy added the degrading vice of avarice. Every art was practised, by this infernal woman, to inflame the passions of the artless Maria, and lull the scruples of conscience: every allurements on grandeur was presented, to dazzle the understanding; every promise of greatness enforced, to depress the value of virtue, and palliate the enormity of vice. The aid of Bacchus was summoned in the cause of the Cyprian goddess: but the unguarded conduct of her companion had raised suspicion in the mind of Maria, and she determined not to taste of the pernicious goblet. The indecorous language of Lucy, and her licentious gestures, intended to efface from the heart of Maria the love of virtue, served but to encrease its fervor.

At length, the door opened, and Belmont appeared. The unblushing Lucy stepped forward, introduced him to the trembling maid, and instantly withdrew. Maria called on her to return, and endeavoured to follow her. Belmont caught her in his arms, and swore that he would not part with her, but with his life. The innocent maid resisted his familiarities, implored with streaming eyes his protection, and knelt for mercy; but Belmont,

mont, the vicious, the unfeeling Belmont, fired with her repining beauties, was determined to proceed to violence. Her shrieks, loud, and unceasing, alarmed a young officer, who was supping with a Lady in the next apartment: he rose from the table; drew his sword; and his lordship having neglected to fasten the door, rushed into the room, declared he would not tamely suffer violence to be offered to a woman, even in a brothel. The fiery Belmont, impatient of controul, quitted the fainting Maria; and, darting an angry look at the young foldier, immediately engaged him. Short was the contest; for Belmont, though reputed the best fencer of the age, from an impetuosity of mind, and a too sanguine hope of conquest, fell beneath the sword of his antagonist.

The shrieks of Maria, though distinctly heard by every person in the house, were unattended to; but, no sooner was the clash of swords distinguished, than the whole swarm of miscreants hastened to the scene of action; where Belmont lay weltering in his blood, while the youthful conqueror was employed in raising the drooping spirits of the affrighted Maria. His lordship desired to be moved to a bed; and ordered a surgeon to be sent for. He assured the people, that no unfair advantage had been taken by his antagonist; that
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he fell, subdued by the superiority of his arm; and requested that no interruption might be given to the gentleman, in his retreat from the house.

The detested Lucy, on this unexpected *dénouement* of her projected scheme, returned to the house of her mistress; and, hastily snatching together her things, without ceremony bade adieu to this mansion of vice, and intemperance, and in a less elevated station still existed on the wages of infamy.

Lovel, the young officer, having heard, from the grateful Maria, her artless tale, gently reprov'd her for her indiscretion, and conducted her from this scene of riot and dissipation, to the house of a friend. In a few days, at her own request, he dispatched a servant with her, to her disconsolate parents, who received her with grateful transports, and every day invoke, from the Father of the world, a blessing for her brave deliverer! Maria, disgusted with the vices of the town, no longer wears a discontented mind; but in the society of her friends, and in the plain, unadorned, but honest conversation of her lover, whose addresses she has again accepted, finds a pure and lasting happiness.

Would you, ye rustic maids, from the warning which the near escape from danger of the ambitious

tious discontented Maria exhibits, suppress those ardent inclinations for roving, which arise from a fatal misconception, and contentedly enjoy the pleasures your rural scenes possess, the world would then increase in virtue, and vice be less predominant. Your lives would be spent in the service of your country; and those thousand pangs, which keep Reflection from a sense of error urges, would be unknown to your bosoms; there the rose of Innocence would bloom; there Happiness rear her peaceful mansion. Scorn not, then, ye rural nymphs, the admonitions of a friend; but, before you determine on leaving your peaceful, though humble cottages, reflect on the pleasures you have there enjoyed; and contemplate, with impartiality, the uncertainty of happiness, in those scenes into which your ambition and discontent prompt you to enter; and where, rest perfectly assured, for one solitary Lovel, you will find a thousand Belmonts!



Meditation in Solitude.

MAN, during his whole pilgrimage through life, should never lose sight of the fixed point whither he must direct his course, and which is the ultimate end of his being. At the same time that he should ever remember that he is dust and ashes, he should never forget that his kindred with the earth is enobled by the breath of life within him, which allies him to the Deity, and bids him think above mortality. A due reflection upon his human part should qualify and settle that fermenting vanity of thought that is apt to elevate a creature conscious of its own perfections: the contemplation of his spiritual nature should rectify his ideas, take off his thoughts from being wholly attached to the objects of sense, and lift up his soul to heaven, and thus prepare him for the conversation & society of Beings of a superior order with whom he can claim affinity. I am now amusing myself in these walks of solitude and contemplation, where I can more at leisure converse with myself and the intellectual world. Methinks I am thus whispered by one of my invisible attendants: mortal, consider, that ere long thou must be one of us, and then in what light wilt thou regard the actions of thy present life?

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The consciousness alone of a well acted part upon the stage of mortality, will secure to thee that uninterrupted tranquillity of happiness which we enjoy, when thou enterest into the house of thy eternity. This suggestion throws me upon meditating what a small part of my real self this body is which I carry about with me, and how much extravagance and idle solitude is employed in providing for it. For what is this carcase but a living sepulchre, which presents a daily memorial of mortality? The continual fluxion of its constituent parts evinces how little of it I can call myself, and much less when I consider how little even of that little, how small a part of that sameness, will be remaining twenty or thirty years hence: and after, this transitory fabric must resolve into its first principles, and mingle with its kindred dust. What then becomes of all these faculties and sensations it now enjoys? Is there any sense or remembrance in the grave? Shall my dust, passed into a thousand shapes and positions; eaten of worms, shot up into vegetables, transmigrated by an endless diversity of changes, blown about by the winds, dissipated by the waters; shall these scattered fragments be still conscious of any thing; or shall they ever be reunited to a thinking substance? This is the province of Omnipotence; and by human reason the search is unfathomable. But I have a soul, a re-

flecting part, the spring of life and action! here is my real self, the source of all sensations, and the only part that will survive all changes. This body must be put off; but that is nothing more than my *Exuvix*, the covering and outside; and is no more essential to the well being or perceptions of the soul, than a material body, occasionally assumed, is to an angel. But as the organs of this body are the present inlets of sense, and the instruments of knowledge and conception, whereupon depends a great part of the entertainments of this life, (which in truth are no more than an animal pleasure) it imports me much to have a constant regard to the state of separation, when the soul shall draw its ideas from the fountain of light and knowledge, without the interposition of any gross medium: I should therefore learn betimes to disengage both my thoughts and affections from the earth, and whatever relishes of sense; and now and then strike into paths of more abstracted thinking; which is to exercise the soul suitably to the dignity of its nature, and to prepare it for its state of enlargement and perfection. In order to this, the mind must be furnished and enriched with speculative truths and meditations of a more exalted turn than such as ordinarily result from the matter of human commerce, or the usual hints of the objects about us. For if I now confine my ideas and gratifications to
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the objects of sense, how unprovided shall I come into that world of spirits where my entertainment and commerce must be altogether spiritual, and for which I shall have no taste without a preparatory exercise! What a dismal emptiness must the soul find in itself, which in this life has been entertained with nothing but bodily pleasures! And as it will naturally carry the same gross desires into the other world, what a horrible state of distraction and despair must we conceive it, to be perpetually catching at what flies, and will ever fly from us; longing for what we have left behind, without the least hope of regaining it; deprived of the very support of the cheering beams of divine influence, and sinking in an eternal void and desolation of all things? The fable of Tantalus in the infernal shades is finely imagined, but comes far short of this natural idea. Here is hell, the never dying worm, the unquenchable fire of a tortured conscience! Hereupon I begin to consider in the words of the excellent Cowley, but in an improved sense,

What shall I do to be for ever-known,
And make the world to come my own?

An inactive contemplation will in no wise answer this end; it will indeed prepare me to think and converse with celestial intelligencies, but it
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can be no great recommendation to any distinguished regards among Beings of such transcendent excellences. I am then to exert such talents as God has blessed me with, to his service, and to the benefit of mankind as far as my endeavours can go; for a Greatness of thought should naturally produce a Greatness of action. Whether this may set me in any more honourable point of view, either during my sojourn in these lower regions, or after my removal, it concerns me not: nor can I be sure that I shall be sensible of my treatment here, after I am gone to the land of serenity and repose; but this I may promise to myself, that it will procure me a more favourable reception among the company of exalted spirits, where the exercises and degrees of our virtue here will determine our rank and eminence: yes, the very reflection gives me a foretaste of—Something the soul opens and grasps at, more than its present capacity can admit; its very ideas, its longing, its reaching at something the imagination is even seized with, but faints in the retention, assure me that it can be no delusion, which, by a close attention of mind, I can even at this distance perceive and partly pre-enjoy.

TRUE PLEASURE

Always to be found.

HE that from pomp, and wealth, and honour
flies,

May look on nature with undazzled eyes :
Read truth's eternal laws, and with delight
Count all the plants by day and stars by night.
It needs no toil to find the way to bliss ;
Who makes content his guide can never miss.
No envious walls this flow'r of life embrace,
All wild it grows in ev'ry desert place.
A glut of pleasure drowns us like a flood,
And evil by excess, proceeds from good !
Learn you, that climb the top of fortune's wheel,
The dang'rous state which you disdain to feel !
Your highness puts your happiness to flight,
Your inward comfort fades with outward light :
While not a wretch, that sweats behind the plough,
But sleeps secure from the reach of woe !
You live like captives bound with golden chains, }
The weight and splendour but increase your pains, }
You strive to shut out care but still the care remains. }
While mild philosophy pursues its ends
With ease and happiness, alone, with friends,
Inexercise, or study still has pow'r
To vary joys ; as Time renews the hour.

Early

Early as Phosphor shews his welcome ray,
 It starts from sleep, and gains upon the day :
 Like the glad Persian hails the rising sun,
 Makes industry point out the shade at noon ;
 And, when his flaming orb at eve declines,
 Measures the starry vaults with fancy'd lines :
 Invokes the heav'n-born muse from fame's abode }
 To waft the soul on fancy's wing abroad, }
 And rise from nature, up to nature's God. }
 But, if these prospects spread too broad and high,
 For the short limit of a vulgar eye ;
 Let such, to earth, their humble views confine,
 And learn a sample of the whole design.
 A bed of flowers, a grove, a level plain,
 A rugged hill, a field of golden grain,
 A swelling river more true pleasure brings,
 Than pomp can furnish in the courts of kings.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN the confederates had made an irruption, and had repulsed the enemy, a common soldier took & carried Monsieur de Croiffers Colbert, being a prisoner, into the town. Colbert being a major-general, and brother to the Marquis de Torcy, was greatly taken with the clemency,

humanity,

humanity, and good behaviour of this foldier; he offered him two hundred louis d'ors, and a captain's post for life, if he would give him his liberty: "But," said the foldier, "perhaps I might accept the favour, if it were not attended with such dishonour." He gave him to understand, he was more desirous of reputation than riches; How can I then (said he) as a captain, when once I have lost my reputation, be ever able to face my general for whom I have fought so heartily many years?" In short, he freely protested that he would much rather continue in the rank of a common foldier, with reputation, than be raised to any other condition, or rank of life, acquired by a base action unworthy of a foldier; and thus rejecting Mons. Colbert's proposals, he brought him prisoner along with him. When this was reported to Prince Eugene, he made the foldier a present, and the Duke of Marlborough gave him a captain's commission: so that the eminent fidelity and virtue of this foldier, by the grace of God, not given to all men alike, made amends for the vices and baseness of the commander before mentioned.

ON THE MARRIAGE STATE.

THE system of our religion is so adapted to the rank we hold as rational and as social creatures; to our immediate concerns, and to our connexions with others, that whatsoever is our duty is also our interest. There is nothing expected from us in obedience to Heaven, that our unprejudiced reason would not exact of us in kindness to ourselves.

The most powerful, the most unconquerable and irresistible of all our passions, directs, compels us into an attention to the other sex: Our sense of friendship is intimately connected with the warmth of that passion: A vitiated taste may prevail so far, as to divide the affection, which can be of no worth to the person who possesses it, unless single and entire: but he who has reflection, will see, that in giving up the name of friend, he forfeits the most valuable part of his mistress; and he will know, that to preserve this consummation, he must have but one.

He who looks into the œconomy of the world, and sees the sexes equal every where in number, will perceive from this also, that he can have but
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one: When he devotes his heart entirely to her, he will wish to possess her entire for the return. To secure so desirable a good, religion lends its favouring hand, and makes the union sacred. Marriage, prized beyond all estates by those who have considerately entered into its union, reviled by those who have not wisdom, or who have not virtue to be constant, secures to us all that would make us wretched if precarious; and while it requires of us nothing but what we should find the highest pleasure in doing without obligation, renders it the duty, renders it the interest of her whom we have chosen, to observe that conduct, on which our happiness entirely depends.

This is marriage; this is the bugbear to frighten weak and distemper'd minds; these are the chains that rattle in the ears of those who never knew what was true liberty; this is the promised land of peace, of joy, of plenty; the country which the timorous spies, who view it from a distance, misrepresent; but in which those who have the resolution to enter, see no wars, no giants; *but every man under his own vine, and every man under his own fig-tree*, reaches with easy hands the unresisting, the complying sweets; feasts upon the mellow fruit, or presses the rich cluster; and when he has laid down in peace, rises in security.

This we owe to religion ; but this is not all we owe to it : religion stops not here : the benefits which it bestows, it also perpetuates : The same law, which required of us as a duty to make ourselves happy, exacts of us the means of continuing so. Love is the bond of union in this state : The source and the security of all its transports : LOVE, a word used by all, but understood by few ; a passion boasted by multitudes, possessed by hardly one in a million ! We are not to mistake for this glorious enthusiasm of the mind, that flight of fondness, that irregular and unregulated desire, which we feel for some new and some agreeable object ; which grows but from our wants, which dies upon possession. This is the frailty of a child, the passion whose honourable name it unjustly assumes, the highest glory of the man ; this is too violent to continue, that too steady to waver ; this cannot remain at its height, that cannot decay. It has been said, that love, understanding it in its better sense, must be mutual to render marriage happy ; those who have started the difficulty, have not considered, that where it is genuine and real on the one side, it will of course be so. Gratitude is a first principal in our nature ; a tender a disinterested love on the one part, will, on that very principal, revive the passion, if decaying ; will create it, if it did not before exist, in
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the other. Religion, that first dictated marriage, continues to dictate that conduct, which he, who knew the secrets of those hearts that he formed, knew must render that union happy. Love to the wife is inculcated as the first law in marriage: content, joy, transport in her form and her affection, have not only the sanction and authority, but the immediate voice of Heaven to command them. *Rejoice with the wife of thy youth; let her be as the loving hind, and as the pleasant roe; let her breast suffice thee at all times, and be thou always ravished with her love.* So speak the Scriptures, and so counsels reason; so urges that affection, which is eager to meet with its return: so inspires that sacred warmth of heart, that never shall be deceived in its expectations.

It were too much to expect from human nature, that a possession of mind, the offspring of the happiest love, could be so perpetual as to exclude all alienation, all attention to the other regards of the world, or even to conquer all pettishness, or all frailties of disposition: men must be men, and while they plead this in excuse of their own failings, let them remember, women must be women. Let either set some little foible of their own temper against the little fault that would rouse their anger at the other; let this poise the

the balance, and let affection then be thrown into the scale that wants its weight to fall. Love will thus remedy the ills that even love could not obviate; and the reconciliation shall endear more than the dispute had estranged. Love shall soften every reproof; love shall throw the gay mantle of its joy over the rugged path, and both shall pass the burning ordeal with unhurt feet; love shall diffuse its sweetness and complacency about each word that tends to the reconcilement; love shall forbid to sleep in anger, nor let the sun go down upon their wrath.

Shame upon that philosophy, which calls the monster Jealousy a proof of love, or ranks it with its offspring! Constancy to one another is the first principal of happiness in love, and from that constancy will grow a confidence above distrust. A fondness that had no more than charms of face to give it birth, that has no more than riot and excess to keep it in its being, may be awakened from a drowsy satiety, or may be recalled from some new object, or some fresh pursuit, by the threat of losing that which was never more than the object of its empty admiration; but that passion, which deserves the honourable name of love, which is founded in reason, and secured by virtue, neglects the person whom it can no longer esteem; and

and where it has reason to suspect, has resolution to despise.

He, than whom none has better known the secret working of the human heart, the strings of all its passions: he who had tasted all the pleasures, as men have called them: Solomon, in the most serious of his determinations places virtue in the seat of happiness, under the direction of this passion, and makes that serenity of mind, that absolute content of heart which it inspires, the first and last consideration, the sum of transports, and full of rapture—*Who will find a virtuous woman? Her price is above rubies; the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.*

It is under the influence of such, and of only such a passion, that the thoughts of happiness in one another will be carried farther than the grave. Love will, in this situation, repay to religion that which it borrowed for its own enjoyment; and as the duty regulated, conducted, and ascertained the passion, the passion will in its turn enforce the duty. True love extends beyond the gratifications of sense, it comprehends the soul as part, and as the most material part of its object; it will direct and guide the wanderer in the path to eternal happiness; and above all meaner considerations, while under the influence of such a pursuit,

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it will carry up with it all that it admires, all that it esteems and values, into those regions, where, though we shall be above all that we have here called pleasures, we shall find an additional transport in seeing those whom we have loved on earth, happy with us to all eternity.

Study, Composition, and Converſe,

Equally neceſſary to intellectual Accompliſhment.

IT is obſerved by Bacon, that “reading makes a full man, converſation a ready man, and writing an exact man.”

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge ſcarcely ever reached by any other man, the diſcretions which he gives for ſtudy have certainly a juſt claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with ſo great authority, as he that practiſed it with undisputed ſucceſs?

Under the protection of ſo great a name, I ſhall therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the neceſſity of reading, the fitneſs of conſulting other underſtanding than their own, and of conſidering the ſentiment and opinions
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of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those, who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by at-

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tention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely, they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his own performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the
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larger part of it to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Perfius has justly observed, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others, it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to consider, how he shall most widely diffuse, and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts “besprent,” as Pope expresses it, “with learned dust,” and wears out his days and nights in per-

petual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present, but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *opacum* and *pellucidum*, told us, after some hesitation, that *opacum* was, as one might say, opaque, and that *pellucidum* signified pellucid. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him, are useless to the greater part of students, because they pre-suppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse,

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as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries, and expect that short hints and obscure illusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a reclusé life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation, or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestible truths: but when he comes into the world among men, who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man, who, having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist, he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning

ing, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frightened by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself into its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

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But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force: thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangements or distinction; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silences others; and seldom recal to a close examination, that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used, lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against the fallacies which its practices on others; in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

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To read, write, and converse in due proportions, is, therefore, the business of a man of letters.

For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: it is, however, reasonable, to have perfection in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

Love at First Sight.

O H! I am caught in Cupid's snare,
 Such charms might any heart surprize;
 The playful step, the artless air,
 The lustre of her thrilling eyes.

The

The curling locks of chesnut brown,
 That wave upon a rock of snow;
 The brow unruffled with a frown,
 The cheek, where living roses blow.

The filken fringe that veils the eye,
 The dimpled chin, loves dear abode;
 The swelling lips of coral dye,
 Those lips, whence notes soul-rending flow'd.

Still I beheld as in a bower,
 The charming maid sequester'd stood;
 Her head was crown'd with many a flower,
 The produce of her native wood.

She thought no fond intruder near,
 And tenderly of love she sung;
 Sweet Philomel, those strains to hear,
 Far from her nest in rapture hung.

“ Colin,” she said, “ has chang'd his love,
 “ And yet upon my Colin's brow;
 “ The wreath of flowers I careful wove,
 “ Glows in unfaded beauty now.

“ Young Emma's hand he of't has press'd,
 “ Extoll'd her form, and wond'ring gaz'd;
 “ Nor was I ere till then distress'd,
 “ To hear the blooming Emma prais'd.

“ Yet Colin was my earliest choice,
“ And I till death will true remain.”—
She spoke—I blest her tuneful voice,
I curs’d the young inconstant swain.

She left the bower, to seek a lamb,
That near in frisking gambols play’d;
Her Colin took it from the dam,
And gave it to his plighted maid.

Then she beheld a stranger near,—
Her cheeks assum’d a deeper red;
In her soft eye I mark’d a tear,
As sudden from my sight she fled.

Thus glanc’d away the dear unknown,
Nor durst I stop the timid fair;—
Love, I’m the vassel of thy throne,
By turns I hope, by turns despair.

T H E
MISER OUTWITTED.

A MORAL TALE.

OF all the passions by the indulgence of which, men may bring themselves into distressful situations, avarice is the most contemptible: a passion which was formerly supposed to be confined to men advanced in years; but it is certain, that a young miser is not in this life a phænomenon.

However, it is an old one to which the following tale relates; and those fathers who feel themselves drawn in it, would do well to examine the piece with some attention: the moral part of it, (for that is of more consequence than the mere execution) that they may not expose themselves to the ridicule of even their best friends, by similar proceedings.

With many good qualities, but with many unamiable ones, a Mr. Naunton, who raised a large fortune by usury, became at length, so devoted to the accumulation of riches, that he thought of nothing but the enlargement of his income: and as his passion for money acquired new strength every year, he became more and more addicted to ex-

tortion. The appellation of Gripe, therefore, was univerfally beftowed upon him.

Mr. Naunton, having buried his wife, (whom he married, merely becaufe ſhe had a long purfe) and all his children, except one fon; he began almoſt to wiſh that he too was ſent to heaven with the reſt of the family, that he might enjoy the ſpirit of ſaving, with the fewer draughts upon his pocket. As for the parental affection, to that he was an entire ſtranger; he had no paſſions of the tender kind to diſturb his repoſe; avarice, like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallowed up the reſt; and his ſupreme delight was to make as hard a bargain as he poſſibly could.

No man, perhaps, was ever bleſt with a more promiſing ſon than Mr. Naunton; but he was not in the leaſt ſenſible of the jewel he had in his poſſeſſion. His diamonds were the only jewels which engaged his attention; an exemplary child was of little eſtimation in his eyes, when a bond, from which he was to raiſe an enormous ſum, appeared in his ſight.

With ſuch a father, it cannot be imagined, that young Naunton could lead a happy life; he was, indeed, far from being pleaſed with his domeſtic ſituation, but he was in too dependant a ſtate to
remove

remove himself from his purgatory, without feeling himself liable to the charge of indiscretion.— Not having been bred up to any business, he was quite at a loss to know in what way to employ his time in such a manner as to make it prove advantageous to him; and thereby was obliged to live a burthen both to his father and himself, because the necessary sum in putting him out in the world, seemed to be better employed.

Charles Naunton, however, with all the disadvantages to which he lay under, in consequence of his father's parsimonious disposition, made a shift to pick up a few pounds for pocket-money, by the exertion of talents, which the old man held extremely cheap: Charles, had naturally a taste for letters, and by subscribing to the best circulating-library in town, gained so much literary knowledge, that he thought himself enabled to write for the press; he wrote, and was successful; successful, in one sense, but unlucky in another; he acquired some reputation as well as cash by his fugitive publications, but upon his father's being one day surprized with a compliment upon his literary accomplishments, he found a striking alteration in his behaviour, and was considerably mortified, almost provoked, at over-hearing the following soliloquy. “ An author of all things! ha! I should
not

not have thought of that ; but since he has turned his head that way, he will never be good for any thing as long as he lives. I shall, therefore, have him a burden upon my hands to the end of my days ; but he shall get nothing for disgracing his relations by scribbling : he is the first man in the family who pretended to look into any book, except a book of accompts ; and such books only are worthy of a young man's attention, who is to make his way in the world. Charles thinks, I suppose, that he shall out-live me, because he is so many years younger ; but he may be mistaken. He imagines too, I suppose, that when I die, I shall leave all my money to him ; but he will there find himself mistaken.

I shall not leave what I have scraped together with indefatigable industry and application, to be squandered away among fellows who pretend to be cleverer than their neighbours, because they can tag rhymes, or touch upon a pamphlet. No, no, he shall have only just enough to keep him from starving ; if he has a mind to live like a gentleman after my death, let him get a fortune as I have done, to enable him to support that character.

Here Mr. Naunton, being seized with a violent fit of coughing, was obliged to transfer his
attention

attention from his son to himself; and he pulled his bell with so much fury for assistance, that he broke it; not, however, before the sound of it had reached the ears of the female servant, who enacted the part of housekeeper, who, upon her arrival, applied the usual remedies on similar occasions, and restored her master to the comfortable exercise of his lungs, without any disagreeable, or dangerous interruptions.

Not a little chagrined by the soliloquy which he had overheard, Charles quitted his place of concealment, retired to his own apartment, and gave loose to the unwelcome reflections which crowded into his mind. From the predominance of avarice in his father's composition, he never had ventured to flatter himself that he would make him independent during his life, but it never entered into his head, that he should be excluded from the full inheritance of his father's fortune, by a severe stroke of his own pen.

This disappointment, therefore, by coming upon him, when he was quite unprepared to bear the weight of it, oppressed him to such a degree, that he was almost plunged into a state of despondence. From that state, however, he was soon roused, by considering while his ideas were in quick circulation, that if he could hit
upon

upon any scheme to acquire a sudden fortune, he should, so far, re-instate himself in his father's favour, as to procure an erasement of those passages in his will, by turning the fortune to which he had a natural right, into foreign, or at least collateral channels.

Animated by these considerations he repaired to, a very intimate friend of his, and, in confidence, imparted what his father had divulged. Marlow received his friend's information with some surprise, and was really sorry to find that the old man had made so very unkind, not to say cruel, a resolution with regard to his posthumous generosity, (which, by the way, is no generosity at all) and entirely agreed with him, that by the sudden acquisition of a fortune, from some capital *coup de main*, he would stand a very good chance for the greatest part of his father's possessions—

“ Could you but strike out a road to riches,” continued he, “ your business is done; but let me tell you, as a friend, that you will never find an estate sufficient to keep you in clean linen, upon Parnassus. The Muses serve extremely well as occasional mistresses, but you will not act wisely, by wedding yourself to any of them.

Turn your thoughts, therefore, from these airy beings, and pay your addressee to a substantial female, who has it in her power to make you thorough amends for your father's sordid and unjustifiable designs, which he will, I fear, carry into execution, if you go on in lashing your brains, for a slender addition to your scanty allowance."

Just when Marlow had finished this exhortatory speech, another friend came in, who was intimate with them both: this gentleman, a Mr. Tomkyns, after having heard both sides, said to Charles——
 "Phaw! Phaw! Naunton; never make yourself a slave to any woman for her money my lad: I will put you into a better way to sport a figure.

Let us all lay our heads together to take the old one in; to chouse him out of a spanking sum." He then, finding his proposal highly relished by his two attentive hearers, delivered a plan of operation, which had a face; and it was immediately resolved by them to prosecute the affair without delay.

Naunton, entirely satisfied with his visit to Mr. Marlow, and the resolutions to which it had given birth, went home to his father, and with all the gravity which he could throw into his countenance

nance (though he was ready to burst with laughter, at the same time, to think he was going to hum him) informed him that he could help him to a very advantageous bargain, if he would venture a considerable loan for it.

The miser, stimulated by the prospect of a lucrative transaction, eagerly desired his son to be more explicit. Charles then told him that Mr. Tomkyns had commissioned him to borrow ten thousand pounds of him, upon his own terms, only for three months, having a particular point to gain and that he would enter into any bond with him for the re-payment of the principal and interest, at the expiration of the term.

Old Naunton, as he knew that Tomkyns was a man of fortune and character, and was not in the least aware of any deception on his side, readily agreed to lend him the Sum required; but did not think proper to deliver it till he had sent for the borrower, and not only demanded an exorbitant interest, but tied him up as tight as possible, to the performance of his agreement. When the day of signing came, Tomkyns appeared at the hour appointed attended by Marlow; Charles also was present.

Just when the old man was going to put his name, an alarm of fire made him hurry out of the room
into

into that in which his iron chest stood. Having found, however, upon enquiry, that the alarm was a false one; he returned & signed his name; not to the parchment he had left, but to another of a similar appearance, which contained the immediate gift of ten thousand pounds to that son, whom he had intended, with a degree of iniquity, to leave at his death, in a straightened condition.

By this stratagem, fabricated by the fruitful head of Harry Tomkyns, the miser was outwitted; and nobody, to whom the above mentioned soliloquy was related, was sorry to see him ready to hang himself for his bitter disappointment.

ON THE

Advantages of Mediocrity.

‘GIVE me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me,’ was the petition of a wise man, who saw the inconveniences and dangers that attend both these stations.—Such is the weakness of human nature, that notwithstanding we are furnished with reason to direct our actions, and with ability to restrain the undue influence of inordinate desire, yet the prevalence of our passions often prevents us from regulating

them in a manner consistent with our present, as well as future happiness. There are some, who, from a mistaken apprehension of the nature of true felicity, have sought for it where it is never to be found. In order to conciliate the Deity, they have voluntarily deprived themselves of those blessings which the munificent Author of all Good has dispensed to mankind, and vainly imagined that an increase of poverty, pain, and wretchedness in this life, was necessary to procure happiness in that which is to come. Hence some deluded people have condemned those blessings which were graciously designed to sweeten the cup of life, and, by a voluntary infliction of almost every species of distress, been offering to their merciful Creator *the sacrifice of fools*.

There are others to whom riches are the *summum bonum*; and the accumulation thereof, without regard to the means, is the primary object of their pursuit. Wealth, unbounded wealth, is the centre to which their wishes invariably tend, and they have little care or concern but to encrease it. They seem not to reflect that the footsteps of the Great are encompassed with many sorrows, and innumerable dangers: they consider not that the sphere of our duty enlarges with the increase of possessions; and that where the ability to do good

is enlarged, much is required at their hands. But the extremes of poverty and riches are situations too dangerous to be the objects of a wise man's wish. In the eye of dispassionate reason, they appear fraught with such difficulties and inconveniences as more justly render them the object of our dread than desire.

The unhappy effects that result from poverty are so numerous and obvious, that there are very few who will not readily join in this part of the wise man's petition, and wish to be preserved therefrom. To him who shares not the common bounty of Providence, the brightest scenes of nature wear a lowering aspect: he sees his fellow creatures partake of those blessings to which he is an unhappy stranger; and from the severity of his lot proceed murmurings, and the language of complaint. The numerous and pressing wants which assail him, add strength to temptations which sometimes prompt him to acquire, by unjustifiable methods, those things which he cannot lawfully attain; and, in the anguish of his soul, he is sometimes excited to charge the munificent Parent of the universe with injustice in the distribution of his bounty. He feels not the sweet enlivening influence of those blessings which raise joy and gladness in the human heart, and his virtues are chilled by the piercing blasts of adversity.

But

But the dangers arising from riches are still more numerous and dreadful, though less obvious to common minds. Few are furnished with that stability and equanimity which are requisite to preserve it secure and steadfast, while under the enervating beams of uninterrupted prosperity. That warmth, which might have ripened their virtues to perfection, when increased to the fervent heat of affluence, too frequently cherishes and expands those seeds of vice which lie hid from the eye of public observation in the latent recesses of the human heart. As these predominate, their growth retards the slower progress of those humble virtues which are too weak to bear the fervour of so bright a day, and which are easily choaked by the influence of prevailing vices. It requires the utmost care and circumspection to crush the rising inclination to vicious indulgence, where prosperity and affluence, give wings to the desire of vanity, and enable men to execute the schemes dictated by self-love, pride, or ambition. He who dwells in the midst of affluence is thereby subject to innumerable temptations; from which those are happily exempted, whom Heaven has placed in the equinox of human life.

It is very difficult for those on whom the beams of prosperity shine with unremitting fervour, to
retrench

retrench their desires within the prudential boundaries of sober reason. The essential duties of temperance and moderation, without the practice of which no man can be a real Christian, are found difficult to be performed, when the alluring charms of pleasure court every sense to unlimited enjoyment; and an ample fortune gives opportunity for the indulgence of every inclination. Even in this situation no permanent security is found.

Those who are placed on the pinnacle of terrestrial greatness, are most subject to the caprice of fortune, the envy of others, and the unforeseen contingences of life: they seldom enjoy that happiness and serenity which those experience who fill the middle station. From such an elevated spot the eye of human wisdom, although it takes in a more extensive prospect, cannot discriminate surrounding objects with the same accuracy and precision as when placed more on a level with them: it often fixes its attention upon objects which from their remoteness, wear an allusive aspect, and by their fallacious charms awaken desire; but it sees not that ambuscade of dangers which fill the intermediate space, and secretly lurk to assault the unwary enterprizer.

The charms of affluence and splendour are apt
to

to dazzle the eye of feeble understandings, but will melt away before the piercing investigation of real wisdom: when viewed through the just medium of dispassionate reason, their lustre will fade, and they will appear replete with dangers which a wise man will ever seek to avoid.

Those who seriously reflect on the sufferings of those who sit penfive in the vale of poverty, and on the imminent dangers that attend riches, will have but little cause to covet a place in either station; but, when they extend their views to the blessings of moderate independence, and unenvied competence, they will have reason to join in this wise petition, "Give me neither riches nor poverty: give me such a portion of thy blessings as is consistent with thy superior wisdom. Remove me equally distant from the severe probation of pinching necessity, and from the alluring blandishments of too exalted a station; keep me, through life, in the safer paths of mediocrity, and feed me with food convenient for me."



Bon Mot of Lord Townshend.

WHEN Lord Townshend was Aid de Camp to the late Duke of Cumberland, his Royal Highness, who had taken offence at a part of his conduct not within the military line, availed himself of many occasions to give him that uneasiness which is inflicted by the severity of remarks from our superiors. During an engagement between the English and French army, in Flanders, a poor soldier serving in the former, was killed by a cannon ball; and the blood and filth flew from his shattered head over the face of Lord Townshend, who lifting his hands to his eyes, endeavoured to clear them from the disagreeable matter that covered them. "What, exclaimed his Highness, is the gallant Townshend afraid?" "No, Sir, answered his Lordship, I am not *frightened*; I am only surprized that a fellow with so *much brains* should ever have insisted in *your* regiment.

THE HAPPINESS OF AN
EVEN TEMPER.

WRITERS of every age have endeavoured to shew that pleasure is in us, and not in
P
the

the object offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the Master of the Ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for his life; yet with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, and happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! an happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disinherit the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and, though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

They

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to lighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be found, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one Lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that instead of loving the Lady,

dy, he only fancied that he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine (being confined a close prisoner in the Castle at Valenciennes) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good humour; laughed at all the little spite of his enemies; and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of the gaoler.*

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is, to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry, in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism, it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it; for my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition. The

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old Gentleman was on his death bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. "I leave my second son, Andrew, (said the expiring miser) my whole estate and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as it is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him besides four thousand pounds." Ah! father, (cried Simon in great affliction) may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you will never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter." Ah father, (cries Dick without any emotion) may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself.

This

This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good humoured, but completely rich.

Yes, let the world cry out at a Bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an Author who laughs at the public which pronounce him a dunce, at a General who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or a Lady who keeps her good-humour in spite of scandal; but this is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity and dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it; by the first method, we forget our miseries; by the last, we only conceal them from others. By struggling with misfortunes we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

THE FORTUNATE ISABELLA.

IN the county of ——— lived Mr. Belford, who succeeded to an ample fortune. His taste led him to prefer the pleasures of a rural life to the noisy and dissipated scenes of amusement that
are

are to be found in the metropolis. As he was one day surveying the reapers, amongst the poor people, who came to glean after them, he observed a young woman, whose mother came a stranger into the parish, and had lived there for nine or ten years, with no other family than this daughter, who was now about sixteen, and so handsome, that several young farmers in the neighbourhood admired, and if, she had had a little money, would probably have been glad to have married her. She dressed, like the other country girls, in a coarse stuff gown, and straw hat; yet she had a manner of dressing herself, which made every thing she wore appear becoming.

Mr. B—— could not avoid taking notice of her genteel shape and elegant motions, but her modesty prevented his having a full view of her countenance. He enquired who she was, and, as nobody could give much account of her, (because neither she nor her mother went out amongst their neighbours) he one evening, as she returned home, followed her at a distance upon a winding valley to the cottage where she and her mother lived. It stands by a wood-side, at a distance from the village, near a lonely farm-house, which is the only neighbour they have.

The 'Squire hung his horse at the gate and
went

went in, where he found the old gentlewoman (for so she was called by the villagers) knitting some stockings and surveying with pleasure the produce of her daughter's labour. The house was very plainly furnished; but the 'Squire was surprized to see an handsome harpsichord, which took up half the room, and some music books lying about, with other books proper for young ladies to read.

Isabella (which was the name the young woman went by) blushed up to her ears when she saw the 'Squire come in, and making a courtesy, retired into another room. He made a short apology to the mother for his intrusion; but said, he was so struck with her daughter's appearance, that his curiosity would not suffer him to rest till he had made some enquiries about her, as there was something in her manner that convinced him she must have had a different education from what usually falls to the lot of young women in that humble sphere of life.

The mother told him they had lived better formerly, but had been reduced by misfortunes; that, however, by her daughter's industry and her own work, they contrived to live very comfortably in their present situation. As she did not seem inclined to be more communicative, the 'Squire
took

took his leave, but not without offering her a handsome present of money; which, to his surprize, she absolutely refused.

The next day Isabella appeared again in the field, and was as intent upon her gleaning as usual. The 'Squire could not keep his eyes off her; and, having now a pretence for enquiring after her mother, entered into some farther discourse with her, and found she expressed herself so properly, and discovered so much good sense and delicacy, that her personal charms appeared to much greater advantage by the beauty of her mind; and, in short, the 'Squire became quite enamoured of this rural damsel.

After two or three days he went again to her mother, and begged, with the most earnest importunity to be further informed of her story, and by what accident she had been brought to submit to her present obscure way of life; for that he was greatly interested in her's and her daughter's welfare, and hoped it might be in his power (if she would give him leave) to make their situation somewhat more agreeable to them than it could possibly be whilst both she and her daughter were forced to work so hard for a subsistence. There appeared so much sincerity and modesty in the young gentleman's manner, that the mother could

not avoid gratifying his curiosity. She then told him, that her husband had enjoyed a genteel place under Government, and by his care and frugality had saved a considerable fortune; but that, not being in the secret, he had lost the whole in the iniquitous project of the South-Sea, the shock of which had proved fatal to his health, and he died a few weeks after, leaving her and this one daughter (who was then about six years old) without any support but what she could raise by the sale of a few jewels, which did not amount to three hundred pounds.—To avoid the sight of my former acquaintance, (continued she) I retired into this part of the country, (where I was pretty sure I should not be known) and have taken the name of Fairfax, for my real name is——.

The young 'Squire heard this short account with an eager attention; but, upon hearing the name of——, "Good Heaven! (cries he) is it possible you should be the widow of that worthy man Mr.——, to whom our family is under the greatest obligations, as I have often heard my father declare, who always lamented that he never could hear what was become of you and your daughter, and I am certain would have been extremely happy in an opportunity of shewing his gratitude to the family of his worthy friend! I hope,

however,

however, that happiness is reserved for me. But (continued the 'Squire) did not you know that my father purchased this manor, and that he was the friend of your late valued husband? "Why (replies Mrs. Fairfax) my time is so constantly taken up with the instruction of my daughter and the business necessary for our support, that I converse but little with our neighbours; and though I may have heard that a Mr. —— had purchased the manor, and know that my dear Mr. Fairfax (so I call him) had a friend of that name, yet I never thought that your father was under any further obligations to assist his friend's distressed family, than many others were, from whom I never received the least act of friendship, though I knew they had it in their power to alleviate our distress. "Mr. B— then told Mrs. Fairfax, that he hoped there were various ways by which he could render their situation more happy than it seemed to be at present; but that there was only one way by which he could do it with complete satisfaction to himself; which was, with her permission, by laying himself and his fortune at her daughter's feet, which he should do with the greatest pleasure.

Mrs. Fairfax was astonished at so generous an offer; but desired the young gentleman not to engage in an affair of so much importance, and to

consider thoroughly how he could support the rail-
lery of his acquaintance, and perhaps the resent-
ment of his friends, which he might reasonably ex-
pect from so imprudent an alliance. Mr. B——
replied, that he was his own master; that he was
sufficiently acquainted with Isabella's personal
charms, and would rely upon Mrs. Fairfax's care
of her education for every other accomplishment;
and should think himself completely happy, if the
proposal proved agreeable to the young lady's in-
clinations. Mrs. Fairfax immediately sent for her
daughter, and, upon Mr. B——'s leaving them
together, she with joy informed her of his gene-
rous proposal. Isabella, whose heart was sensible
of his merit, after a short courtship consented to
accompany him to the altar. The old lady would
not be prevailed on to forsake her little cottage
by the wood-side; but was by the generosity of
her son-in-law, enabled to keep a servant, and his
coach was sent almost every day to fetch her to his
house. As a compliment to his lady, Mr. B——
every year gives his reapers a dinner out in the
field the day they begin harvest, and another at
the hall, by way of harvest-home.



The Inefficacy of an Academical Education

In the Enlargement of our Minds,

Set forth in Some CURIOUS ANECDOTES

OF TOM WELLBANK.

THE term *world* is a word which every body uses to signify the circle of his own acquaintance; and which the meanest plebeian of the community has as frequently in his mouth as the greatest personage in the kingdom. The man of fashion confines the world entirely to the elegant card-tables, and well bred assemblies which he frequents. The soldier to the customary licentiousness in which the gentleman of the army are indulged; the lawyer to the clamour of Westminster hall; and the merchant to the most dextrous method of driving a bargain. Thus, in fact, the world is not the general state of nature, but the narrow little circle of our own connections; and thus, instead of judiciously endeavouring to extend the scanty limits of our knowledge, we mislead ourselves into an opinion, that we already know every thing; and sink into an absolute ignorance of the most essential points, from an absurd supposition of being perfectly acquainted with them all. I remember about thirty years ago, when my old acquaintance Tom Wellbank first came from the university, that there was scarcely
a company

a company which he went into for six months, but what considered him as a fool & a madman. Tom lodged at an uncle's near the Hay-market, who lived in a very genteel manner, and frequently saw the best company. This uncle having no children himself, had adopted Mr. Wellbank as his son; and conceiving, from the reports which the university of Oxford gave of his nephew's erudition, a very high opinion of the young gentleman's abilities, he made a party on purpose to display the talents of his boy, who was previously advised to exert himself on the occasion. The company consisted of two noblemen in the ministry, an eminent divine, a celebrated physician a dramatic writer of reputation, the late Mr. Pope, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

The time before dinner was passed in one of those unmeaning random sorts of conversation, with which people generally fill up the tedious interval to an entertainment; but after the cloth was taken away, poor Tom was singled out by lady Mary, who asked him with the elegant intrepidity of distinction, if he did not think London a much finer place than Oxford. Tom replied, that if her ladyship meant the difference in size or magnificence of building, there could be no possibility of a comparison; but if she confined herself
to

to the fund of knowledge which was to be acquired at either of the places, the advantage lay entirely in favour of Oxford; this reply he delivered in a tone confident enough, but rather elevated with dignity of academical declamation; however, it would have passed tolerably, had he not endeavoured to blaze out all at once with one of those common-place eulogiums on classical literature, which we are so apt to meet with in a mere scholar, quite raw from an university. In this harangue upon the benefits of education, he ran back to all the celebrated authorities of antiquity, as if the company required any proof of that nature to support the justice of his argument; and did not conclude without repeated quotations from the Greek and Latin writers, which he recited with an air of visible satisfaction. Lady Mary could not forbear a smile at his earnestness, and turning about to Mr. Pope, "I think Sir, says she in a half suppressed whisper, Mr. Wellbank is a pretty scholar, but he seems a little unacquainted with the world." Tom, who overheard this whisper was about to make some answer, when Mr. Pope asked him, if there were any new poetical geniuses rising at Oxford. Tom upon this seemed to gain new spirits, and mentioned Dick Townly who had wrote an epigram on Chloe; Ned Frodsham who had published an ode to spring;

spring; and Harry Knowles who had actually inserted a smart copy of verses on his bedmaker's sister, in one of the weekly chronicles. Mr. Pope wheeled about with a significant look to lady Mary, and returned the whisper by saying, "I think indeed, madam, that Mr. Wellbank does not seem to know a great deal of the world."

One of the statesmen seeing Tom rather disconcerted, kindly attempted to relieve him by expressing a surprise that so many learned men as composed the university of Oxford should seem so generally disaffected to the government. He observed, it was strange that learning should ever lean to the side of tyranny; and hinted, that they could never fall into so gross an error, if, instead of poring perpetually over the works of the antients, they now and then took a cursory dip into the history of England. There was a justice in this remark which poor Tom being unable to answer, was at a considerable loss to withstand; however, thinking himself obliged to say something, he ran out in praise of all the antient historians, and concluded with a compliment to the good sense of the university, in giving them so proper a preference to the flimsy productions of the moderns. The nobleman turned away with disgust, and it was the general opinion of the table that Tom would make
a pretty

a pretty fellow when he knew a little more of the world. The deduction which I would make from the foregoing little narrative is, That people before they think themselves acquainted with the world should endeavour to obtain a general knowledge of men and things, instead of narrowly drawing their notions from any one profession, or any particular circle of acquaintance; they may perhaps laugh at all the world, but all the world will be sure of laughing at them; and the general ridicule of every body is much more alarming than the private derision of any one.

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO

*King George 1st, in the First Year of his
Majesty's Reign.*

BY LORD LANDSDOWN.

MAY all thy years, like this, propitious be,
And bring thee Crowns, and Peace, and
Victory:

Scarce hadst thou time t'unsheath thy conqu'ring
blade,

It did but glitter, and the Rebels fled:

R

Thy

Thy Sword, the safeguard of thy Brother's throne,
Is now become the bulwark of thy own.

Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations send
Thro'-out the world, to court so brave a friend;
The guilty Senates that refus'd thy sway
Repent their crime, and hasten to obey;
Tribute they raise, and vows and off'rings bring,
Confess their Phrenzy, and confirm their King.
Who with their Venom over-spread the soil,
Those scorpions of the state, present their oil.

So the world's Saviour, like a mortal drest,
Altho' by daily miracles confest,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the *Jews*,
Their rightful Lord they impiously refuse;
But when they saw such terror in the skies,
The temple rent, their King in glory rise,
Dread and amazement seiz'd the trembling crowd,
Who, conscious of their crime, adoring bow'd.

ROMAN ANECDOTE.

WHILE the colleagues of Constantius the Roman Emperor were persecuting the Christians with fire and sword, he politically pretended to persecute them too; and declared to such officers of his household, and governors of provinces,

provinces, as were Christians, that he left it to their choice, either to sacrifice to the Gods, and by that means preserve themselves in their employments; or to forfeit his favour and their places by continuing stedfast to their religion. When they had all declared their option, the Emperor discovered his real sentiments; reproached in the most bitter terms those who had renounced their religion; highly extolled the virtue and constancy of such as had despised the wealth and vanities of the world, and dismissed the former with ignominy, saying, "That those who had betrayed their God, would not scruple to betray their Prince;" while he retained the latter, trusted them with the guard of his person, and the whole management of public affairs, as persons in whose fidelity he could firmly rely, and in whom he might put an entire confidence.

E P I T A P H ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON.

BY MR. POPE.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles
can,

May truly say, Here lies an honest man:

been tolerably genteel; and that I have nothing in my temper excessively unfortunate.

However, such as I am, a young gentleman of a middling fortune has thought it worth his while to pay his addresses to me these two years, and to solicit my hand with the most passionate tenderness.

Mr. Blandmore, at the first, had my father's permission to make the declaration of his sentiments, and was look'd upon by all my friends as a very proper, nay, a very advantageous match; as my father's circumstances, by some unforeseen accidents in trade, were rather upon the decline; and he was, in a very little time after, actually obliged to stop payment of some bills, which soon caused a statute to be issued against him, and he was accordingly declared a bankrupt.

The alteration of circumstances, however, made no change in the heart of Mr. Blandmore; he now more than ever pressed for my consent, and declared himself almost pleased at the misfortune which had happened, since it gave him an opportunity of proving the sincerity of his passion, and that fortune was not in the least the object of his adoration. I must candidly own how deep an impression his generosity made on me, and if I felt
any

any sentiments in his favour before, they were now considerably increased by so disinterested, so noble a behaviour; and I found I know not how much satisfaction in his winning solicitations, and tender importunity;—but ridiculous pride opposed an indulgence of my own inclinations, and my very gratitude to the dear youth was the only impediment to his happiness.—How I was able to resist him I know not, but I wish my father had at that time used as great an authority over me in his favour, as he has since in vain, exerted to make me forget him.—Forget him!—No, dearest object of my earliest love!—When this adoring bosom shall wear any images but thy own, as the greatest misfortune, may'st thou retain no remembrance of the wretched Maria!—O reader! if you knew the excellence of his soul, and could form an idea of the beauty of his person!—He has a mind exalted as the roof of heaven, and a face—But, bless me, what am I saying!—An unaccountable flood of tenderness has imperceptibly borne me away. But why should I be ashamed of discovering my esteem for the very best of men? No, I should rather blush to entertain a sentiment I was ashamed to hear.—But to proceed—Upon the settling of his affairs he was found able to pay his creditors twenty shillings in the pound, besides being possessed of the sum of two thousand pounds, which

which appeared to be due on the face of the books. With the capital of two thousand pounds my father again entered trade, and Mr. Blandmore was kind enough to lend him a couple of thousands more. With this additional sum matters went on tolerably well, and our credit was soon established on its former foundation. Providence was pleased to bless my father's industry with the greatest success, and to send me an unexpected bounty, in one of the most considerable prizes in the last lottery.

My father soon acquainted me with my good fortune, which I heard with additional satisfaction, as I had now an opportunity of rewarding the generosity of Mr. Blandmore, to whom, but that very day, I had consented to give my hand on the Saturday following; but the moment I hinted to my father my desire that it should be kept a secret from Mr. Blandmore, till that time was past, in order the more agreeably to surprize him, he knit his brows into a kind of severity I had never seen him wear before, and he told me I had best consider of it a little longer; that marriage was a very important circumstance: I might possibly alter my opinion: that, to be sure, every thing was agreed between him and Mr. Blandmore, for whom he entertained the
highest

highest esteem, and to whom he had many obligations; but what of that? he had but four thousand pounds in the world: that he would pay Mr. Blandmore interest for the sum he had lent him: that I was now a considerable fortune, and ought to look about me; and that if I would take his advice, I should devise some means of breaking off with Mr. Blandmore, before the circumstance was publicly known, which would carry the appearance of honour, and justify me in the opinion of the world: for since marriage was a kind of traffick, every one ought to make the most of a bargain, and that I could not be insensible how several young women of my acquaintance had married knights and aldermen, and were publicly mentioned in the news-papers with my lord—and his grace—as ladies of distinction.

Astonished at so unexpected, so strange a declaration, a shower of tears was my only reply, and before I could possibly recover myself, Mr. Blandmore came into the room, who expressed the most tender uneasiness for the situation he saw me in, begged I would inform him of the cause

I perceived my father was prodigiously struck; but as he was resolved to break off the match at any rate, he took but little pains to mince the
 matter,

matter ; so telling Mr. Blandmore the real occasion, he concluding with begging his pardon for being obliged to decline the honour of his alliance, and, in the city phrase, hoped there was no harm done. Amazed at such behaviour, Mr. Blandmore remained in a state of the utmost surprise, and scarcely believing what he had heard, again demanded the reason of it.

When he had a little recovered the shock, he turned to my father——“ I am, Sir, sincerely rejoiced at the good-fortune of my dear Maria, unhappy soever as it may make me. I shall not presume to make any observations upon your conduct in this affair, because you are her father. I would only beg leave to ask if you can reconcile it to yourself. As for my dear girl, if her happiness is in the least promoted by breaking off the match with me, I shall very readily submit to the severity of my own fate, since, to promote that happiness would have been the business of my life. As it is, I am above complaining, Sir.—I may be wretched, but I hope I shall never be contemptible.”

I must have been lost to feeling, as well as dead to love, to bear this unmoved, especially when I saw the dear youth endeavouring to hide his tears, by pretending to wipe his face. I immediately

S

threw

threw myself at my father's feet, and besought him, in the most affecting manner, to retract his cruel resolution; to consider of his engagement with Mr. Blandmore; to think that the happiness of an only daughter should be more the object of his attention, than an unnecessary addition to her fortune, and finding him still inflexible, was hardy enough to tell him, if Mr. Blandmore was not to be my husband, I would sacrifice my life before I would ever think of any body else.

Enraged at the conclusion of my address, my father, with a tone of voice the most determined, desired Mr. Blandmore to get immediately out of the house, and ordered me to my room, and all the satisfaction I had, was one look the most inexpressibly tender, that ever shot from the rapture—darting eye of love.

This is my present situation. My father continues deaf to all intreaties, and I am so closely watched, as not to have the least opportunity of either seeing or hearing from the man I love.

What to do I know not, unless the publication of this letter may have some effect upon him, as it will give him a retrospect of the whole affair, in a manner I dare not presume to tell him, and more properly state his severe cruelty to me, as well as his unjust severity to Mr. Blandmore.

ANEC-

A N E C D O T E

OF

De THOU.

THE celebrated historian De Thou had a very singular adventure at Saumur in the year 1598. One night, having retired to rest very much fatigued, while he was enjoying a sound sleep, he felt a very extraordinary weight upon his feet, which, having made him turn suddenly, fell down and awakened him. At first he imagined that it had been only a dream; but hearing soon after some noise in his chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and saw, by the help of the moon, which at the same time shone very bright, a large white figure walking up and down, and at the same time observed upon a chair some rags which he thought belonged to the thieves who had come to rob him. The figure then approaching his bed, "I am," said it, "the Queen of Heaven. Upon these words, concluding that it was some mad woman, he got up, called his servants and ordered them to turn her out of doors, after which he returned to bed and fell asleep.

Next morning, he found that he had not been deceived in his conjecture, and that having forgot to shut his door, this female figure had escaped from her keepers, and entered his apartment.

T H E
END of the WORLD.

IT is the conclusion of all worldly glory, the final termination of ambitious hopes, deep-laid designs, and the most promising prospects. The soul alone survives the wreck of elements unhurt; and we must look according to his promise for ‘new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.’ We ought then to cast away every vain, every ambitious, every worldly view, and looking with deeper reverence, and a more heart-felt adoration to the Almighty, the author and finisher of all things, order our lives according to his will, and suitably to his commandments.

THE STORY
OF THE
Count De St. Julien:

Related by a Prior of the Convent of La Trappe.

THE Count DE ST. JULIEN was descended from a very ancient family; and was only at the age of twenty, when the death of his father made him master of a considerable sum of money,
and

and of an estate in Dauphinè, which might have supported him in the same affluent manner his ancestors had lived in, had not an unbounded love of pleasure taken an early possession of his heart. Dauphinè became soon too confined a sphere for him to move in, the dissipations of PARIS better suited the gaiety of his temper, where his figure, his expence, and his lively parts, quickly introduced him into the politest assemblies. He was brilliant in all places of public resort, ostentatious in his gallantries, and was admitted to many of the *petits soupès* of the *Esprits forts*; which are *coteries*, composed of wits and free-thinkers, who have too much vanity to agree in the received notions of mankind; but by their art, and the pleasantry of their ridicule, often operate too powerfully on weak minds, by undermining the good principles they may have imbibed, and substituting their own pernicious ones in their place.

ST. JULIEN had soon after his arrival at PARIS, taken an Italian figure-dancer of the opera into keeping; who bore him one son, whom he named FREDERIC; a youth of fine parts, formed by nature with great sensibility, and with a mind so happily disposed, as might have rendered him a worthy and shining character, had not all these advantages been overshadowed by a false education, and their
movements

movements corrupted by the *bad example* of a father, who having, in a long course of dissipated connections, lost his own morals, gave himself little concern about those of his son; conceiving that the exterior accomplishments of a gentleman, comprehended every thing that was most material to carry him successfully through the world. The infidelity of ST. JULIEN's mistress in a few years totally dissolved the attachment; and FREDERIC, by the time he attained the age of nineteen, became a companion to his father in all his vices, and likewise encouraged in such as he had a propensity to himself, the *dignity of a parent* being as much forgotten by the one, as the *respect of a son* was by the other.

Pleasure and extravagance gradually waste the amplest fortune. The *Count's* had, during the twenty-four years he had quitted Dauphinè, been annually decreasing; nor could it, by the course of his expences, have lasted so long, but for his abhorrence of every kind of play, and had not some beneficial bequests from deceased relations, retarded its dissolution. He constantly expended far more than his income, & his estate had dwindled away by sales of an hundred acres at a time, till necessity compelled him to abridge many of his expences. The contract for the old family mansion,

sion, with all the remaining land about it, was just compleated, and the four thousand *louis-d'ors*, which the purchase amounted to, paid into his banker's hands, when the following event gave a new turn to his life and fortune.

Among *Les Filles entretenues*, there was at that time at PARIS the CLAIRVILLE, who then lived under the protection of one of the *Farmer Generals*, whom I shall speak of by the name of D' AVIGNON. She was a woman of much beauty, and great intrigue; but by her address, constantly flattered his vanity and weakness; and by the success of her art, kept her gallantries concealed from him. ST. JULIEN had made repeated overtures to this lady, and had been treated by her with a disdain his pride could not brook; she had however bestowed a more favourable look on his son, whom she had met in the *Thuilleries*, and frequently had conversed with; and whose youth and elegant figure, had made a sensible impression on her heart. For there was still an amiableness of character about him, nor could his assumed air of licentiousness disguise a certain ingenuousness of mind, which must continue to please as long as nature hath a charm.

It chanced that FREDERIC, coming one evening out of the French comedy, found the CLAIR-

VILLE

VILLE in one of the passages of the theatre, waiting for her coach; which by some accident among the carriages was prevented from drawing up. With his usual address, he offered to see her safe out; and the result of half an hours attendance and assiduity, was an appointment with him to meet her at a masquerade, which was to be a few nights after, where she gave him to understand she should be found only with a female friend; intimating at the same time that D'AVIGNON had business which would call him some leagues from PARIS, and notifying the dress by which he might discover her.

FREDERIC, who had been constantly tutored by his father, that gallantry was the first accomplishment of a gentleman, never scrupled to communicate to him the progress he made in any he was engaged in; he therefore, with his accustomed familiarity, informed him of the assignation he had made with the CLAIRVILLE.

ST. JULIEN concealed the surprize he felt at this intelligence; the contempt which had been shewn him by that lady, recurred with fresh poignancy, from the mortification his high spirit suffered by the preference given to FREDERIC; he however so sufficiently possessed himself, as not to
appear

appear in the least discomposed, and advised him by all means to pursue the affair.

When a father is so unprincipled as to become a rival to his son, in a matter of this nature, it argues a mind so totally depraved, as to require but little apology to be made for the despicable meanness of the *Count*, in seizing this occasion to revenge himself of a woman, and by exposing her infidelity to D'AVIGNON, ruin her power; not in the blindness of his passion, foreseeing the ill consequence that might happen to his son in this business.

The *Farmer General* receiving an anonymous letter, which hinted to him, "that the next masquerade might discover something curious, if he possessed the affections of his mistress so fully as he imagined," but doubted for some time whether he should pay any attention to its writer; but jealousy is a passion easily awakened in men of debauched characters; and more predominant in advanced years. He resolved on his intended journey; but took care to get back to PARIS time enough to be present at the masquerade. As he was ignorant of the CLAIRVILLE's dress, he might in so large an assembly have probably returned without finding her, had he not, after more than two hours of anxious search, at last discovered her, by means of some

jewels in her hair, which he had presented her with himself. He saw her whole attention given to the gentleman who was with her, observed she conversed with no other, and had now little reason to scruple the intelligence he had received. He watched them with earnestness and rage, the whole night, till they quitted the ball; nor lost sight of her, till he saw her enter with her gallant the house he kept for her. The servants observing a mask follow almost immediately their mistress and her friend, concluded it to be one of the party; but the instant D'Avignon had reached the garden apartment, which was his usual supper-room, and whither she had conducted her lover; he threw them both into the utmost consternation, by discovering himself to them, with ungovernable passion reproached the lady for her inconstancy; and drawing his sword, which he had concealed under his dress, ran with fury upon her paramour. FREDERIC throwing off his domino, hastily seized one of D'AVIGNON's own swords, which hung with a hat and belt, in the room where they were; and thus armed, used every endeavour to appease his antagonist by words, but the other, pressing on him with a vehemence which would listen to no palliation, the unsuccessful youth found himself compelled to defend his own life; and in the encounter mortally wounded the *Farmer General*.

CLAIRVILLE fell into a swoon, and FREDERIC fled instantly out of the house, with that precipitance and perturbation which must ever be natural to so unhappy a situation.

This unfortunate event happening early in the morning, D'AVIGNON did not survive many hours. Though ST. JULIEN enjoyed in idea, the secret triumph which this stratagem gave him over a woman, whose conduct toward him had provoked so unmanly a resentment; yet he apprehended from its success no other result, than his disgrace; never conceiving that from such a connection as D'AVIGNON had with her, any point of honour would have stimulated him, to oppose the arm of age, to the vigour of youth. He felt himself however when the time arrived, by no means in an easy situation; it was a painful suspense, between hope and fear, he was alarmed for the difficulties in which he might possibly have involved his son, and feared also that the great influence of the *Farmer General*, when he should know who had supplanted him in the affections of his mistress, might be highly prejudicial to the future interests of FREDERIC. He passed the night in much disquiet; nor dared the next morning to make any enquiry, least he might awaken suspicion; but in the utmost anxiety waited at home the arrival of

his son, wholly ignorant of the scene that had been acted; till the following letter, delivered about noon to his servant, by an unknown person, opened to him the fatal catastrophe.

“ My rendezvous with the CLAIRVILLE, to which you so strongly prompted me, hath been attended with the most dreadful consequences, we were surprized immediately on our return from the masquerade by D'AVIGNON, who flew at me with the madness of an assassin. It was in vain that I attempted every thing in my power to appease his passion. I was at last necessitated to oppose violence to violence, and in defending my own life, I have but too much cause to apprehend, that I have deprived him of his.”

“ In the hours of horror which I have passed since, I have been awakened as from a dream, to a just sense of myself. I view with despair my youth plunged so early into vice, and stained with another's blood.

Terrible as my reflections are,—they turn with indignation on a parent, who instead of guiding my steps to virtue, hath trained them in the paths of profligacy; and by his own wretched example deceived his son into ruin.

By

By the time this reaches you, I shall be many leagues from PARIS. To fly from myself is impossible, but I will hasten to some distant part of the world, where the fatal errors of my life may be unknown; and strive with repentant tears to amend a corrupted heart.

Unconnected—forsorn—and friendless,—my necessities have compelled me in the moment of departure, to deceive your banker into the payment of half the money lodged in his hands. I can hardly regard this action as criminal, when I consider this little sum as the all I can share of a noble patrimony, squandered away in extravagance, and which, had honour governed your life, I might have inherited. With this I must push my future destiny; what it may be, is unknown, and will ever remain so to you, as this will probably be the last you will hear of your

Lost, and unhappy

“FREDERIC.”

ST. JULIEN on reading this letter, for the first time felt the *dignity of virtue*. He almost sunk at the reproaches of a son, of which his own conscience confessed the justice; and he had the additional misery to reflect, that he was the secret cause of the fatal event which had driven him away for ever from his sight. Though this was a
circumstance

circumstance lodged within his own breast, yet the guilt of it was likely to remain a lasting thorn there. The talk which so unhappy an affair must occasion, a ruined fortune—an exhausted credit—the slights he had been long shewn by many—and his last remaining finances, sunk to a half by FREDERIC, were sufficient motives to awaken an idea, which he soon after executed, of bidding adieu to Paris. He concerted his plan with a person of considerable rank, who had been much attached to him, and who furnished him with such recommendatory letters to one of the Electoral courts, as procured him, in a short time, a decent post, and the countenance of his new master.

In this situation he lived near eight years, if not happily, at least as comfortably as could be expected; his company was pleasing, and all that was known of his story was, that he had, through imprudence, ran out a considerable fortune. The recollection of past scenes, and the uncertainty he was in about his son, overshadowed the joy of many an hour; but he exerted all the powers of dissipation to drive away every uneasy remembrance.

It is not an easy task to reclaim a depraved mind! the spirit of intriguing remained still the predominant passion of ST. JULIEN; and having
by

by long and varied importunities attempted to seduce the affections of a lady about the court, whose absent husband was a general officer in high esteem with the Elector, he was instantly dismissed from his employment, and commanded by his prince at the peril of his safety, to withdraw from his dominions in four and twenty hours.

He collected precipitately the very little property that remained to him, and retired in haste to the canton of FRIBOURG. He was now surrounded by a distress that would not allow him to shun his own reflections; they presented a picture truly terrible, pride struggling with poverty, without, and not a source of consolation, within! He at length determined to address himself to his mother's brother, who was a *Chanoine* of the cathedral church of PALERMO; whom he had not seen since his youth, and whom he had long ceased to correspond with, on account of his having, more than once, reproved the criminal course of life which he had heard he led at PARIS.

Though it was a doubt with him, whether the *Chanoine* was still living, yet he wrote to him from FRIBOURG; communicating part of his distress, and his purpose of visiting Palermo, and throwing himself under his protection, resolving,
that

that should his uncle be dead, or refuse to countenance him, he would end his days in some parts of Sicily, where his misconduct would be unknown. The port of Marseille was the most favourable to his intention; but the question was, how to get thither? his finances were low; and the apprehension of meeting in his passage through France, any one who had known him in his prosperity, was painful. He debated the matter much, and long—and to obviate, the best in his power, every objection, he converted all he had into money, let his beard grow, procured a religious habit, and set forward on his journey on foot; making devotion, for the first time, subservient to his designs.

It chanced that his road lay through DAUPHINE; and he had the severe mortification to pass over part of the noble domain of his ancestors, a territory once his own, now parted off among various proprietors. This was indeed a scene that penetrated his heart; his strength almost failed him, and he sat down on a bank by the way side, to recruit his trembling spirits. Memory pictured to him the happy morning of his life, and the thousand little incidents of uncorrupted innocence! It drew in loveliest colours, the hospitality of a father, who lived the protector
of

of the poor, and the injured, nor failed to recall those blameless hours, when, as the youthful successor of his fortunes, he used, with cheerful step, to walk forth from the venerable mansion now just before him, to meet the homage of his surrounding tenants! The reverse was terrible to thought, his mind glanced it over, and shuddered at the view. He detested the world; detested himself; and in sullen sorrow, by long and weary journeying found at last his way to MARSEILLE, where he embarked in a ship that was on the point of sailing, for SICILY, and MALTA.

It was the ill fate of this vessel, after being six days at sea, to be driven by contrary winds, much nearer the coast of BARBARY than was for its safety, as the regency of TUNIS was then at war with the French; and a dead calm succeeding the adverse weather, the captain discovered the next morning a *Tunisian Corsair*, bearing down upon them, which appeared to be too powerful for the little resistance he could oppose to it. A general panic seized every one on board; and the Count conceiving that the religious habit he wore, might expose him to additional ill treatment from those barbarous people; or induce them to exact a higher ransom, threw it into the sea, cut his beard close, and procured a dress from one of the common

failors. In brief they were boarded,—rifled,—stripped,—carried on shore,—examined, and sent to the bagnio of *Santa-Lucia*, which is one of the places where the slaves are usually lodged.

There are adverse hours in some men's lives, that are eventually the most beneficial, by bringing home all their scattered thoughts, and giving them a just idea of themselves ! Of such a nature were those melancholy ones ST. JULIEN numbered. Though he was not (as no public works were then carrying on) condemned to bodily labour, yet he found himself plundered of every thing, doubtful of redemption, and compelled to subsist for a considerable time on food which was nauseating ; till a sailor who was made captive with him, and the same who had furnished him with a mariner's garment when he cast off the religious one he had assumed, had, by means of acquaintance among the slaves, obtained sufficient credit to open a little shop for selling wine to the Turks, and was moved by humanity, as well as veneration, for the *Count* (whom he imagined to be really one of the religious order) to take him in as an assistant, and let him live as he did himself.

It was some months before ST. JULIEN knew by what means he could convey notice of his captivity to PALERMO ; which he was obliged to wait

wait an opportunity of doing, through the channel of LE GHORN, as the Sicilians were then at war with Tunis. And it was by various accidents, near a year and a half from the time of his being made prisoner, before any letter, or his ransom arrived.

It was a tedious interval,—a painful uncertainty!—Imagination lengthened every hour as it passed; and even the distant hope of future liberty, was frequently overshadowed by the doubt of his uncle being still alive.

The hardships he endured, the sad society of wretches about him, and the recollection of his former misused prosperity, subdued both his health and spirits. His heart was now convinced, that it had been totally warped by the seduction of wits, and libertines; and the reflection which tortured him most, was, that he had probably, by his own abandoned principles, involved his son in lasting misery. He was now sensible, that virtue was a reality, and not a name; and that whoever throws away the shield of religion, becomes, in the moment of adversity a defenceless existence. He turned back his eyes on a life of guilt, and determined, that what remained of it, should be consecrated to penitence.

At length a vessel arrived, and brings him a

most tender invitation to PALERMO, together with a remittance through the hands of one of the consuls, of four hundred sequins, for his redemption and journey. ST. JULIEN, having only passed for a common man, no more than two hundred sequins was demanded for his ransom. He immediately obtained his *Carta Franca*, and took his passage in a Dutch ship that was soon after to sail for Sicily.

As the first fruits of a heart awakened to virtue, he presented his humane benefactor, the sailor, with a purse of one hundred sequins, which, with what the poor fellow had saved up in his little wine trade, was somewhat more than necessary to purchase his freedom. The *Count* had the satisfaction of seeing him set at liberty, and quit the shore of BARBARY, in the same vessel with himself.

It was not many days before ST. JULIEN arrived safe at PALERMO, and expressed, in the warmest terms of gratitude, the obligation he felt to his uncle, for relieving him from his captive state. The good old man received him with a cordiality he never could have expected; and many a tear fell down his aged cheek, when in their frequent conversations, he found his nephew redeemed from the *worse* captivity of an abandoned

done life. The *Chanoine* made him attend in all the functions of the church; and omitted no occasion to confirm him in his good resolutions.

“ You have known,” says he, “ the extremes of affluence, and distress, have experienced that happiness is not born of riches, and can only spring where virtue hath planted it! It is now within your reach; and I trust you will not again let it slip your hold. I must daily expect to be called from you; the poor have been my family; but what I am still able to bequeath you, will in your present temper, be more than equal to every want.”

“ Little—little indeed,” replied ST. JULIEN, “ have I merited the consolation I find! You see me, Sir, humbled by my vices and folly, but convinced from principle, of all my errors, every wish towards the world is extinguished; and it is my fixed resolve, to retire to some monastery, and close the evening of my life in solitude and contrition.”

The *Count* resided with his Uncle, near a twelve-month; during which time his choice determined him to enter into the Convent of LA TRAPPE.—I had then, says the PRIOR, been somewhat more than two years appointed the superior of this house;
and

and having formerly been well known to the good old *Chancine*, he wrote to me on the occasion; intreating me in the most affectionate terms, that in recollection of the friendship we had once had for each other, whenever his nephew should enter amongst us, that I should sometimes allow him to advise with me.

There was fortunately just then a vacancy, to which I immediately named him; and bidding an eternal adieu to his benevolent uncle, he was admitted into this convent, and in due time *took the Cowl*. In the intercourses which we had frequently together, he unfolded to me, all the various occurrences of his unfortunate life; he ever spoke of them with a heartfelt sigh; and his pious example was improving to many.

After he had resided among us four years, his health began gradually to decay. The vicissitudes of his fortune had probably much accelerated the approach of age; perhaps too, the austerities of our order, were too servile for a constitution so early habituated to the blandishments of luxury; though he was still able to attend most of our functions, and lived to compleat nearly his seventh year.

When his dissolution was nigh, he was brought out into our church, on the matted rushes, accord-
ing

ing to the usual custom; whilst I, agreeably to our institution, convened all the Convent to witness his end. His mind appeared perfectly clear; he exhorted, with a weak voice, those around him, to persevere in piety; and then addressed himself to me, with an eye that bespoke all the distress of his heart.

“Holy father,” says he, “a little space, and I am numbered with the dead! The penitence I have exercised within these walls, hath, I trust, washed away the stains that disgraced my former life! In that confidence I sink to my grave! one only anxiety agitates my bosom; it is for a son, whom my unhappy example may, I fear, have rendered miserable. You, holy father, know my story. O! if my long-lost FREDERIC still be living! Could he—but ’tis impossible—could he but ever hear, that the once abandoned heart of poor ST. JULIEN was reformed! could he but learn, with how many repentant tears I have wept for his forgiveness! how ardently in death wished to bequeath him a blessing! it might happily turn his steps to virtue, and my spirit would depart without a sigh!”

“Gracious Heaven!”—(exclaimed a Monk, throwing back his *Cowl*) “Gracious Heaven! thy will be done!—Behold—behold thy FREDERIC
kneels

kneels before you, as much unlike the libertine who left you, as you the parent from whom he fled! O let me catch a blessing from your dying lips! and in a last embrace, be cancelled the remembrance of every thing that is past!"

The transport and amazement of so unhopèd an interview, gave a sudden impulse to the blood; and invigorated a little longer, the powers of life.

"A few moments," says the *Count*, (casting a look of the most affectionate earnestness on his son)—"a few moments, and the knowledge of the world will avail me nothing! and yet my lingering spirit fain would know by what mysterious means, we have thus met again."

Briefly let me say, returned FREDERIC, that on quitting PARIS, I hastened with the utmost speed to MADRID; accompanied with the strongest resolution of amending an unfortunate life. After some time, I obtained a commission in his *Catholic Majesty's* service, and was sent into NEW SPAIN, to join my regiment, I was occasionally stationed in various garrisons on the Southern Continent; and at MEXICO married the daughter of a deceased officer of VALENCIA, who had brought her thither with him from EUROPE. I began to experience the serenity and happiness of virtue,
and

and for five years enjoyed in the society of one of the best of women, every blessing my heart could desire. Far removed from all who knew me, I here wished to have ended my days, but my regiment being called home, and the climate having much affected the health of my wife, she was anxious to return to BARCELONA, which was her native air, and where she had two aunts still living, who had in her earlier years supplied a mother's loss; and to whom I had not restored her ten months, when the hand of death dissolved our union. Sick of the world,—its follies,—its disappointments—all that endeared it to me gone before!—and no pledge of love left behind, to hold me to it!—I turned away from it without a single regret, bequeathed to the family of the amiable being I mourned, for the little fortune she brought me, and *nine* years ago, under the assumed name of LORENZO, withdrew into this monastery.

“Happy, my child,” added ST. JULIEN (pressing his son's hand with a look of eager tenderness) “happy is it, that the GREAT DISPOSER of human events, hath ordained, that we meet in peace at last! *Seven* of those years have we lived together in this place, though mutually unknown—often kneeling side by side at the same altar—often joining in the same devotions—and perhaps soli-

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citing

citing Heaven for each other.—Oh! my FREDERIC! the crime which hath made thy heart most wretched, with the severest anguish hath tortured mine!—I have injured thee much—but all is, I hope, atoned!”

“Father of mercies!” cries the young man,—“the triumph’s thine! How wonderfully hath thou dealt with us! making those very crimes which were instrumental to our mutual misfortunes, instrumental in the end to our mutual conversion!—But I talk to the dust—he is passed away, like a silent vapour!”——

This was a scene, added the PRIOR, of so singular a nature, as to merit the being recorded; and I conceived it would not be uninteresting to a man of sensibility.

About three years after the death of ST. JULIEN, a fever seized several of our Convent, and FREDERIC was one among those to whom it proved fatal. He seemed sensible from the moment he was taken ill that his disorder would be mortal, he supported it with the utmost resignation; requesting with his latest breath to be buried with his father, which was accordingly done in one grave, and two white crosses placed upon it to their memory.

AN ADDRESS
TO THE YOUNG MAN,

Who contends that he follows the dictates of nature, by gratifying those passions which nature has implanted.

MISERABLE and deluded man! to what art thou come at the last? Dost thou pretend to follow nature when thou art contemning the laws of the God of nature? when thou art stifling his voice within thee which remonstrates against thy crimes? when thou art violating the best part of thy nature by counteracting the dictates of justice and humanity? Dost thou follow nature when thou renderest thyself an useless animal on the earth; and not useless only, but noxious to the society to which thou belongest, and to which thou art a disgrace:—noxious, by the bad examples thou hast set:—noxious, by the crimes thou hast committed; sacrificing innocence to thy guilty pleasures, and introducing shame and ruin into the habitation of peace:—defrauding of their due the unsuspicious who have trusted thee; involving in the ruins of thy fortune many a worthy family; reducing the industrious and aged to misery and want; by all which, if thou hast escaped the deserved sword of justice,

justice, thou hast at least brought on thyself the resentment and the reproach of all the respectable and the worthy.—Tremble then at the view of the gulph which is opening before thee. Look with horror at the precipice on the brink of which thou standest; and if yet a moment be left for retreat, think how thou mayest escape and be saved!

A N E C D O T E

OF

PLATO.

PLATO, the son of Aristor, happening to be at Olympia, pitched his tents among some persons whom he knew not, and to whom he himself was unknown. But he so endeared himself to them by his engaging manners, living in conformity to their customs, that the strangers were wonderfully delighted at this accidental intercourse. He made no mention either of the academy or of Socrates; and contented himself with telling them that his name was Plato.—When these men came to Athens, Plato entertained them in a friendly manner. His guests, addressing him, said, “ Shew us, O Plato, your namesake, the pupil of Socrates, and introduce us into his academy, and be the means

means of our deriving some instruction from him." He, smiling with his accustomed good-humour, exclaimed, " I am that person." They were filled with astonishment at the idea of their having been ignorantly associated with such a personage, who had conducted himself towards them without the least insolence or pride, and who had given them a proof, that without the usual display of his known accomplishments, he was able to conciliate their good will.

ON THE INCONVENIENCIES

OF A

Solitary Life.

IT is certain, that a retired life has a greater tendency to make us happy than a public life; because, in the former, the mind is not so much disturbed by the passions, as in the tumult of society; and from some of the passions it is entirely exempt. Hatred, envy and ambition, have no hold of a person in retirement: he sees no-body; of whom then should he be jealous? He desires nothing more than what he has; whom should he envy? He hates the world and its grandeur; how can he be susceptible of ambition? " The multitude and
plenty

plenty (says Charon) are much more frightful than retirement and scarcity. In abstinence there is but one duty; but, in the management of many different things, there are many things to be weighed, and fundry duties. 'Tis much more easy to live without estates, honours, dignities, offices, than for a man to conduct and acquit himself in them as he ought. 'Tis much easier for a man to live single, than to be encumbered with the charge of a family, and live altogether as he ought with his wife and children; so that celibacy is an easier state than that of wedlock." There's nobody who does not assent to the truth of what Charon says. The weight of his argument will be more plainly perceived, if it be considered that every necessity adds to a man's unhappiness; and that he brings cares and troubles upon himself, in proportion to the alliances which he forms with a great number of persons, who thereby become dear to us; for their vexations give us concern, their uneasinesses afflict us, their pains torment us, and their sorrows oppress us. Thus, in public life, we are obliged not only to bear our own misfortunes, but those of persons with and for whom we are engaged; and, even though we were not united to them by friendship, but only by interest, we are ever obliged to take a share in what affects them, and their afflictions rebound partly upon ourselves.

ourselves. If the great man who protects us, and to whom we are attached, not by affection, but from political views, suffers disgrace, we are involved in it as much as if he was really dear to us; for his fall draws on our's with it. In fine, while we are in public life, in what manner soever we adhere to those we are related to, our tranquillity depends partly on their's; and, how odd soever it may appear, 'tis nevertheless certain, that we are often disquieted in public life by the misfortunes that happen, not only to persons whom we do not love, but even to others whom we mortally hate. Heaven gives us the heart, as well as the understanding, to part with all superfluities. A man who quits a great deal for retirement, is nevertheless a very great gainer: he has satisfied his ambition, he has quenched the thirst he had for riches, he has forgot the injuries done him by enemies: in fine, by separating himself from mankind, he has attained to that view which he would never have compassed by staying longer among them. Though a retired life has some advantages over a public one, tending to the happiness of life, yet it has its dangers and its inconveniencies. 'Tis especially pernicious to youth, to whom it often proves fatal to be left to themselves. Crates, perceiving a young man walking alone, in a solitary place, admonished him to take care
that

that he did not converse with a wicked man, nor give ear to his counsel.—'Tis in solitude that weak minds contrive bad designs, inflame their passions, and whet their loose appetites. 'Tis very hazardous for persons to be left to themselves, unless they have a good head-piece, and a well settled mind. As we ought to study every thing that may render us better men, for the same reason we ought to shun retirement, in which we have cause to be fearful of ourselves, and are deprived of all the advantages which we may expect to meet with in civil society. A man of the best understanding, he who has the art of contentment, is nevertheless uneasy sometimes to be deprived of all manner of conversation; he changes his mind therefore by degrees, 'till he loses that tranquillity of which he had a taste when he was first secluded from a correspondence with mankind. Then there is some danger of his falling into misanthrophy, which will poison every thing that pleased him before, and not only make him averse to things which are foreign to him, but render him even hateful to himself. The wisest and the most eminent of the Philosophers considered solitude as a state that deprived men of all manner of relish, and even rendered all pleasures insipid to them; nay, they were of opinion, that, were a man to be lifted up to the firmament, from whence he might, at his ease,

ease, survey the wonderful theatre of this world, he would have but little taste of the pleasure which such a view would convey to him, if he was to be always alone, and to have nobody to converse with. 'Tis certain there is nothing more disagreeable to the nature of mankind, than a deprivation of all manner of society: and to think that it is possible for a person to be really happy with ease, in deep solitude, is turning a deaf ear to the voice of that nature, which perpetually demonstrates the necessity it has of being supported by a communication with men of wisdom and virtue. The dangers of a life too solitary may be shewn by the errors which many have fallen into who have embraced it: they entered virtuous into that melancholy state, but came out of it criminals. Before they secluded themselves from all society, they were men of sense, but afterwards they became fools. They would not have lost their virtue, or their sense, if they had been assisted by that conversation with men of probity, of which they had deprived themselves; for it is to the opinions and lessons of such men that the greatest of the Philosophers were obliged for their virtues and their talents. If Plato had lived in a desert, he would not have had such a master as Socrates; but being left to himself, might, perhaps, have turned out as bad a man as he was a good one. Many people

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are

are inclined to a retired life; for reasons that are very often bad and not duly considered. Sometimes it is a faint-heartedness, which ought to be deemed a sort of cowardice, that makes us fearful of doing our duty: 'tis often spite, love, or some other passion, which does not allow us time to reflect, but carries us away, and unaccountably leads us we know not whither. We fly from mankind, and endeavour to hide ourselves, thinking that the vexation and perplexity, which press upon us with such a weight, will find relief in solitude; but, instead thereof, they encrease in it; and at length they find, too late, that we can expect no comfort from a course that we took without consulting reason, which ought to be a guide to all our actions. It must therefore be established as a certain maxim, that the most proper state of life to render men really happy, is that which is neither too public, nor too solitary; a state free from the hurry and tumult to which those unavoidably are subject, who pass their time with people in high life, and in the honourable, but fatiguing exercise of employments; and a state, which, on the other hand, has not the dangers and inconveniences of that which is too solitary.—A private man, who has a moderate income, just to answer his occasions, keeps company with some virtuous friends, whose temper he likes, and enjoys the charms of society in a kind

kind of retirement and absence from the busy, noisy world, is in the fairest way to be happy.

T H E

Truly honourable Man.

A MIND superior to fear, to selfish interest and corruption,—a mind governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity,—the same in prosperity as adversity, which no bribe can seduce or terror overawe,—neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection; such is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of man.—One, who in no situation of life is either ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with firmness and constancy; true to the God whom he worships, and true to the faith in which he professes to believe; full of affection to his brethren of mankind, faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate, self-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for public interests and happiness, magnanimous without being proud, humble without being mean, just without being

harsh, simple in his manners, but manly in his feelings, on whose word you can entirely rely, whose countenance never deceives you, whose professions of kindness are the effusions of his heart: One, in fine, whom independent of any views of advantage, you would chuse for a superior, could trust in as a friend, and could love as a brother.—This is the man whom in your heart, above all others, you must honour.

A N E C D O T E.

WHEN the gate which joined to Whitehall, was ordered by the house of commons to be pulled down, to make the coach-way more open and commodious, a member made a motion that the other, which was contiguous to it, might be taken down at the same time; which was opposed by a gentleman, who told the house, that he had the honour to have lived by it many years; and therefore humbly begged the house would continue the honour to him, which would really make him unhappy to be deprived of it now. Chancellor Hungerford seconded the gentleman, and said, it would be a thousand pities, but he should be indulged to live by his *gate*, for he was sure he could never live by his *style*.

THE

THE FOLLY

OF

Aspiring to expensive Amusements.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

I AM the unhappy daughter of a gentleman whose income arose from a small place under the government; an income barely sufficient to enable my mother and myself to keep up a tolerable genteel appearance. We were so straitened, indeed, to make ourselves fit to be seen, that we were obliged to make a thousand shifts at home, in order to vie with our acquaintance whenever we went abroad: and we were such notable managers that nobody I believe, knew the state of our affairs.

While I was under the care of one of my mother's friends last summer, a genteel young fellow chose me for his partner at the country dances, at the Walton-assembly, during which he played off all his gallantry, in order to fix my attention upon himself. His assiduities and his arts were soon successful, as there was much more particularity in his carriage than one commonly meets with in
that

that of a temporary companion upon such an occasion.

He became very inquisitive about my place of abode, asked me with much importunity when and where I was to be seen again. The answers which I returned to his interrogatories were calculated neither to encourage his advances nor to repel them; neither to make him elevated with hope, nor damped with despondence. In short, he soon found out what I did not attempt, what, in truth, I could not conceal.

In a little while he addressed me in the following terms :

“ Your amiable behaviour, madam, encourages me to make serious proposals to you, though nothing I do assure you, but the extreme ardour of my passion could have induced me to avail myself of that behaviour, as I am thoroughly sensible that you would be an ornament to a much higher station than that to which it is in my power to raise you. My fortune is, to speak plainly, small; but I hope nevertheless, that my perpetual endeavours to please, resulting from the unfeigned fervor of my passion will, in a great measure, at least, atone for the want of wealth. Riches, madam, do not always produce content : content is a blessing

ling often sought for in vain by kings, and as frequently enjoyed, unsought, by the meanest of cottagers."

With such a speech I could not, possibly, be displeased: I could have wished, however, that Mr. Morden had been in affluent circumstances, as the making of my fortune was the principal point which I myself, as well as my parents, had in view; a point not to be gained by closing with Mr. Morden's proposals; as he, with those proposals, intermixed several little encomiums on frugality, and pretty severe strictures against extravagance. By marrying Mr. Morden, I should I found be nearly in the same situation, with regard to my way of living, as I was at home; with this difference only, that of being the wife of a man, who adored me, and would make me the mistress of his small fortune, which I might, I saw plainly dispose of as I pleased, under the guidance of discretion. Such a marriage would have satisfied my love; but it would have, by no means, been adequate to my ambition; and I certainly did not feel myself sufficiently intoxicated by the former passion to give up, willingly the gratification of the latter. However, as I had no other offer, and as Mr. Morden grew every hour, more and more importunate; (as my father's health too began to decline; which

alarmed

alarmed my mother, who dreaded the thoughts of being left quite destitute, and who naturally supposed that while I was possessed of any thing, I should not see her distressed) I, at length consented to be his wife.

The masquerade now furnished conversation in all companies. I had never been at such an entertainment; and it would be expressing nothing to say that I only wished for an opportunity of seeing an exhibition which was, with reason, expected to be immensely magnificent. I was half-distracted for a ticket; and would freely have parted with a far more inconsiderable sum than I could at that juncture command for so charming an acquisition.

Unfortunately for me, while I was one morning at a house in which the ladies of the family were all employed in making up ornaments, they put some of them on; in the gaiety of their hearts, to shew me how much their natural beauties were heightened by their dazzling decorations, and, perhaps to triumph over me by a mortifying display of their riches. Before *that* visit, I had, indeed, believed that I should appear to great advantage in a dress of my own chusing, as I might in a fancied dress contrive to discover beauties and to hide defects: beauties which I could only disclose,

disclose, and defects which I could only conceal by giving a loose to my thoughts: but when I beheld my companions glittering before me, and saw what prodigious advantages they received from the brilliancy of their appearance, I was too conscious of my insignificance not to feel very envious sensations; and was cruelly pained to think that I could not pretend to shine in the Hay-Market with equal lustre. Girls, who are ever upon the watch to exult at the expence of their rivals, let slip no opportunity to make their superiority conspicuous. My companions very soon perceived the disquiet jealousy had excited in spite of my efforts to conceal it, and began to increase it with a barbarous satisfaction. "Well!" cried one of them, "I wonder you do not try to get a ticket somewhere." "Surely," said another, "Miss Bowyer can never be denied such a request." "I declare, for my part," added a third, "there is nothing I would not do to procure one, if I was in your place: a masquerade and I not at it! Well, you are very happy in being so easy: if it was my case I should actually fret myself sick." You are quite fit to be married, child," said one who had not yet spoke: "patience and self-denial are very necessary virtues in a wife." Especially in people who have not large fortunes," added another. A long conversation followed on matri-

mony, in which my not having been able to make a more considerable conquest was frequently glanced at not in the most agreeable manner, and many sarcastic hints were thrown out.

In the very height of my discontent a lively young fellow ran into the room, and began to play over a a thousand fooleries with my companions, looking at me, while he was so employed, as if he wanted to entertain me in another manner, and only waited for an opportunity. After having made some idle speeches therefore to every girl in the room, and received others from them equally trivial, he advanced, and addressed a very serious compliment to me. I only replied with a bow. They all burst into an affected titter, and said, " that I was quite out of spirits for want of a ticket to go to the masquerade."

" If such a trifle as that," answered the gentleman, " will give vivacity to a face which wants no other charm, I have one at the lady's service."

He immediately drew a ticket out of his pocket book, and presented it to me. The sudden surprise which I felt on being so unexpectedly possessed of what I had so much wished for, quite disconcerted me. I blushed like scarlet; and, scarcely knowing whether he was in jest or earnest,

nest, offered to return it; but he would not take it again. He treated me, while I staid, with particular civility: I was, however, too much confused, and in too great a hurry, to acquaint my mother with my good fortune, to remain there long. Accordingly, I flew to communicate the agreeable intelligence to her, and with the most earnest importunity begged her to assist me in preparing every thing for my appearing to the utmost advantage.

She interrupted me in the midst of my raptures, by telling me, with a serious air, that she was sorry I had got a ticket, as it would only help to turn my head. Neither did she at all approve of the manner in which I came by it. "You had better, I think, my dear," said she, "send it back, for you certainly ought not to have accepted of such a favour from a man almost a stranger, (nor from any man indeed) and who, it may naturally be supposed, presented it with some bad design."

"Design! madam," replied I, very much nettled; "you are always fancying that the men have some design. I do not find that they trouble themselves about me. It is impossible that he can mean any thing more than a little gallantry; surely there is no occasion to be frightened out of one's senses for that."

“ Why really, Molly,” said my mother, “ as you are so near marriage, you should not encourage any the least approaches to gallantry ; and I have a particular objection to your appearance at the masquerade. Girls who have been bred up, like you, in a private, frugal way, cannot mix with high company, without appearing very much out of character, nor join in extravagant pleasures, without suffering in some shape for their indiscretion.”

Full of my new, and so much longed-for acquisition, and provoked at being desired to give up what had just kindled such transporting sensations in my breast, I made a very pert reply, which extorted from my mother a sensible, but cutting reproof. A warm dialogue followed between us ; she at length grew extremely irritated against me, and left me in tears, which flowed equally from pride and disappointment. I was piqued at having my darling scheme opposed ; and I was excessively chagrined at being interrupted in the execution of it: I was, however, determined to go to the masquerade, at all events.

In this weeping, piqued, and chagrined situation, Mr. Morden found me. Never having before seen me in tears, he eagerly demanded the cause

cause of them ; and demanded it with a tenderness which made me the more ready to open my heart to him.

With the utmost sincerity I unboomed myself to him ; but, at the same time, discovered the violence of my passion for shining in a new sphere to which I had not been accustomed.

The discovery of that passion was as ill received by my lover as it had been by my mother : though he softened his disapprobation with a number of little douceurs, by which he hoped, no doubt, to move me from my purpose ; but I soon let him know that he was mistaken, telling him that I should have a very slight opinion of that man's affection, who could wish to deprive me of the least gratification. Then, leaving him, to put what construction he pleased on my carriage, I flounced out of the room.

Mr. Morden was extremely hurt by this behaviour ; but he was a man of sense and resolution, and was, therefore, willing to let me see I had not treated him properly, by staying away for several days.

During these days, I so far brought my mother over, partly by coaxing, and partly by sullenness, that when she found I was positively determined

to

to make my appearance at the Opera House, she became willing to assist me in providing a dress, and securing a proper party. My father was at that juncture in the country, transacting some business relative to his office, and therefore could not interfere upon the occasion; and my sole thoughts were now engaged about my dress.

The happy moment arrived; I set out with a heart beating high with expectation. For a while I was so struck with the magnificence around me, that I stared about wildly, with my eyes thrown into a thousand directions in a minute. But my attention was soon fixed by the approach of the person who had given me the ticket. He accosted me with the greatest politeness; and in a short time began to make use of some very tender expressions. I, at first, endeavoured to keep up the *character* I had assumed. I was in the habit of a shepherdes, imagining that I might venture to hear and to answer speeches under *that* appearance which I could not have heard, and to which I could not have replied, with propriety, in *my own*, if I *had not* been actually engaged, & so near marriage as I believed myself to be. The freedoms, however, which I allowed myself drew so many others not quite so warrantable from my Damon, that I began to think matters were going
rather

rather too far; and found it necessary to oblige him to a more distant behaviour.

The company now unmasked.

While I was exerting myself to insist upon my new admirer's leaving me, I happened to turn my head, and saw a tall handsome man, in a Turkish habit, surveying me attentively with the most striking marks of serious admiration.

At that moment I felt emotions which I had never felt before for any man, so perfectly charming was his figure, so winningly graceful was his manners, and so much was I flattered with the expression in his features. He contrived to keep his eyes rivetted on me till he had a proper opportunity to ask me to dance. He asked me, and I immediately complied with his request.

While we were dancing, he endeavoured, with a variety of bewitching assiduities, to captivate my heart, and to make himself an irresistible object. Were I to say that I repulsed his advances, I should assert a falsehood; I rather encouraged them, especially when I was informed that my enchanting partner was a man of fashion. He was called, "My lord," by several of his acquaintance. I forgot that I was under any binding
engage-

engagements to Mr. Morden; I forgot myself; every thing, in short; I was absolutely intoxicated with joy on being addressed in the most soothing and insinuating terms by a man who very much induced me to suppose that he had no design to trifle with me;

When he had handed me out with my company, he begged to know where he might enquire after my health the next day,

Then, and not till then, I began to feel all my former littleness: recollection immediately stripped off the plumes with which vanity had adorned me; I became abashed, and hung down my head.

He repeated his question with a tender pressure of my hand.

With a blush which arose from my embarrassment at being under a necessity of declaring my unimportance, I mentioned the mean Street in which stood my mother's still meaner habitation.

"For whom must I enquire, my angel," said he, with a second and more significant pressure.

I faintly breathed out my name, with a sigh, and left him in full possession of my heart.

As I came home safe, however, with the companions whom my mother had selected for me, she received me with pleasure; and with pleasure seemed to listen to me while I gave a particular account of the superb entertainment of the evening. As I had not retired to my chamber till the morning was pretty far advanced, I did not quit it till the afternoon. Flattered with the hopes of seeing my new admirer; I then dressed myself with the most becoming negligence, and waited for his coming with a confusion among ideas, and a general tremor which I cannot describe.

In this disturbed and tremulous state I saw Mr. Morden enter the parlour.

Conceive, if you can, my disappointment. Having fully expected to behold his lordship every minute, I was doubly disappointed, and doubly chagrined.

I coloured at the sight of him: he looked pale, dejected, and unhappy. He sat down by me, and with a discontented air, asked me how I did. "How do you find yourself, madam, "after a night——of fatigue——I recall my words—— I mean of intoxication."

I scornfully replied, "that if he did not talk
A a more

more intelligibly, I should be at a loss to understand him ; and that I, indeed, asked not to comprehend his meaning.

“ I believe what you say,” replied he, “ and shall therefore take leave of you for ever.”

I looked, I suppose, all that I felt, for he immediately proceeded in the following manner.

“ You either are, or affect to be surprized, madam ; but when you are informed that I was a witness to your whole conduct last night, you will, in some measure, be sensible of what I feel, though you never can, unless you have loved like me, have an adequate conception of the torment which I at this instant endure. Yet I will tear a faithless, foolish, deluded woman from my fond heart ; whatever it cost me. Know then, madam, that on finding you resolved to go to the masquerade, I, for once, disguised myself, and with the assistance of a friend, procured a ticket that I might see what effect so dangerous an amusement would have upon the heart of a woman to whom I was on the point of being indissolubly united ; of a woman who had, I flattered myself, a relish for domestic life, equal to my own : but all my expectations of happiness in such a life are vanished like a morning dream ; and my remaining days must be
spent

spent in unavailing sorrow: sorrow doubly sharpened by the stings of remembrance. However, since it is not in my power to make an impression upon your heart, and since I am well assured that I can never taste felicity, unless the woman, whom I still adore, shares it with me, I come to resign you, madam, to give you up to your splendid admirer. But oh! take care——take care, my once esteemed, my still beloved Molly. The man with whom you are so extremely pleased is an arrant deceiver: he speaks only to seduce; he flatters only to betray.³⁹ At the conclusion of this pointed speech, he rose and left me; though he seemed to do violence to his inclination, and the conflict between love and prudence were strongly pictured in his countenance, every feature of which appeared greatly disturbed.

He left me in a state of astonishment, of stupefaction, from which I was hardly recovered when lord B———came in.

At the sight of his lordship I was soon restored to myself. The tender respect with which he accosted me, finished what his former appearance and behaviour had begun, and I was as much delighted with *him*, as he seemed to be enamoured with *me*. The conversation between us was ani-

mated, and, he seized every opportunity to throw out the most impassioned effusions, to which I listened with more than common attention, with joy, with rapture.

Too greedily did I swallow up his discourse.

The entrance of my mother, who very discreetly, though I did not then think so, deemed it proper to make an addition to our company, put a stop to the amorous part of my lord's conversation. His eyes, however, spoke forcibly, though his tongue was silent; and mine but too well understood their language.

After a visit of near three hours, his lordship left me in as pining a condition for him as if we had conversed together three months.

When my mother and I were by ourselves, I acquainted her with Mr. Morden's unaccountable behaviour.

It affected her I perceived. She sighed, shook her head, and cried, "ah Molly! I wish this new lover may be as worthy of your attention and esteem as the man whom you have driven away by your indiscretion. But how can we expect to see you married to a man of quality? My lord will not surely degrade himself by marrying a girl in your sphere of life; and, I hope," continued she,

she, with tears in her eyes, “ that you have too great a regard for yourself, as well as consideration for your parents, not to mention motives of a higher kind, to yield to him upon dishonourable terms.”

I replied only with my tears, which for some time flowed as fast as hers. But when I was able to articulate, I assured her that she had no reason to doubt my steady adherence to those excellent principles in which I had been educated; confessing also, frankly, that I loved my lord.

“ There is then but one way left to save you,” said she. “ You must see him no more. You can only by prohibiting his visits come at his real designs, though I fear the discovery of them will afford no satisfaction.”

I readily agreed to my mother’s issuing orders for me to be denied to him.

These orders were necessary, for he repeated his visits.

On finding he was not to be admitted, he wrote a long and tender letter, wherein he complained excessively of my refusing to see him when I was, to his knowledge, at home.

This

This letter, though every syllable of it went to my heart, I shewed to my mother, who told me what I but too plainly perceived, that my lord's designs were not of a nature to be encouraged; and that I must return no answer to him.

I complied with her prudent advise; but Heaven knows what anguish I suffered from my compliance upon the trying occasion.

While I was in this suffering state, I received a message from Mr. Morden, who, was dangerously ill of a fever, and who had employed a particular friend to intreat me to make him happy with my presence before he died.

As he had deserted me for nothing, according to my sentiments about his behaviour, I was very unwilling to deepen the dejection into which I had been plunged, by the sight of him whom I had once, I fancied, loved in such a situation; but my mother, hoping that my appearance would restore him, and that my condescension would revive his love, persuaded me to make him a visit.

I accompanied her to his bed-side.

Flattering himself that my tears flowed entirely on his account, he accused himself of being too badly; but owned that my apparent fondness for pleasures

pleasures out of his reach, pleasures which it was not in his power to give me, had induced him to fear that we should be unhappy: adding, that the encouragements which I gave to lord B———confirmed all his apprehensions in such a manner as to persuade him that I should be more glad than himself to be released from engagements which promised to be attended with more disgust than felicity.”

“ How little did I know my own heart,” continued he, after a pause, and with a faint voice, (while he looked up with languid eyes, prognosticating his speedy dissolution, yet full of as much tenderness for me as ever I beheld them) “ I cannot now support life, and give up her who was the dearest object to me upon earth: nor can I die in peace till you deign to pardon a conduct which I, perhaps, too precipitately adopted; but which I adopted with the best intentions, and with the greatest reluctance; for I call that supreme Being who will, I humbly hope, shew mercy to me in my last moments, which are hastily approaching, to witness that I never ceased to love you with the sincerest affection; and that I regret nothing so much as my inability to leave you any proof of my regard, except this ring, (presenting a diamond one to me of some value) which was my mothers, and
which

which will just serve to remind you of a man who loved you too ardently to live without you."

Here he stopped for want of breath to proceed; but seizing my hand, he pressed it to his dying lips; and before I could articulate a reply, expired.

I cannot pretend to describe my feelings. I was insensible to every thing for some time.

In this torturing frame of mind I remained, however, not long, without a considerable addition to its anguish. I was not yet sufficiently punished for my folly. My father returned before he was expected, so much worse than when he went into the country, that his apothecary, who had attended him for many years, gave no hopes of his recovery. Imagine my distress at this dispiriting news. My mother had concealed Mr. Morden's death, from my father, because she was not willing to make her absence from him more disagreeable by sending unwelcome intelligence to him; but the concealment of it only served to render the communication of it afterwards the more afflicting to me——For my father when he was, on repeated enquiries after Mr. Morden, informed of his disease, and even necessarily of my shame in it, could not keep either his grief or his resentment within bounds.

"You

“ You have undone your mother,” said he, looking fiercely at me, “ and you have undone yourself, by your more than ridiculous, by your criminal conduct. It is not in my power to leave you such a subsistence as that worthy young man’s industry and œconomy would have secured for you during his own life, and which you might probably have enjoyed after him ; for though his income was not large, he might have in a few years rendered himself independent.”

I was afflicted beyond description to find my father so displeased with me just when I was at the point of losing him for ever. The sight of him in so declining a condition, so deeply affected by this sudden disappointment, and so thoroughly disturbed at my folly, and so wretched on the thoughts of his going to be separated from us, without leaving the amiable man behind him on whose friendship he had so reckoned, and from whose alliance he entertained the most pleasing expectations on our account, increased my sorrow to such a degree that I was almost stupified. Instead of discovering the least desire to forgive me, he scarce took any notice of me at all.

My poor mother very much affected as she was, and apparently bestowing her whole attention on my dear father, could not bear, as she had been

ever fond of me, to see me thus unhappy, without endeavouring to comfort me, though she stood greatly in need of consolation herself.

“ If my father, madam, “ said I to her, will not look upon me as he *has* done, I must be miserable. I never, never intended to bring such distress upon my family.”

I could not proceed, my utterance was stopped, I sighed, I sobbed, I wept, but could not speak.

My mother, pitying my situation, stooped down to my father, and intreated him to say something to alleviate the inexpressible anguish which I endured.

At the same instant I threw myself on my knees, and cried, with a voice scarce to be heard, “ Oh! my dear, my ever honoured father, pardon and bless your unhappy child.”

My petitions were unavailing, my father, at that instant, yielded up his last breath. I shrieked, I fell, fell senseless on the floor.

In the evening after the funeral, while my mother was engaged in the fore parlour with some people who came to her upon business, my lord suddenly entered the back parlour, I was sitting
in

in it, alone, desponding beyond expression, melancholy to an extreme.

I started at his unexpected appearance, rose, and was going to fly from him. He stopped me, and throwing himself at my feet, entreated me, conjured me, to hear him.

I resumed my seat, scarce knowing however what I did.

He declared in the most passionate terms, the impression I had made on his heart the moment he was blessed with the sight of me at the masquerade; adding, that ever since the impression had been deeper and deeper. "I am not able," continued he, "to enjoy life without you; but your good sense will, I am sure, inform you that I cannot just now, with any propriety, make you an offer of marriage; yet as I may have it one day in my power to render myself supremely happy by being firmly united to you, my visits may certainly be received without giving any shock to your delicacy." He concluded with assuring me, that by contributing in the least to my felicity, he should enjoy the sincerest satisfaction, and then tossed a purse of guineas into my lap.

Though I was moved in a manner not to be described at what he had uttered, the appearance of the purse raised other emotions.

Haftily starting up, I let it fall on the floor, and advanced with precipitation towards the adjoining room.

He placed himself in fuch a pofition that I could not fecure my retreat, and catching me in his arms, cried, while he ftrained me to his bofom. "Only tell me, would you have refufed me if I had immediately offered marriage to you, Mifs Bowyer?"

I looked frightened, confufed, and abafhed; I knew not what to fay: I paused—I hefitated—But my looks, I fear, fufficiently notified my fenfations.

"I know you would not have refufed me, you dear angelic creature," continued he, embracing me with a modeft and refpectful tendernes which penetrated my foul.

"I have the tranfporting delight to fee that I am not an object of indifference in your eyes, and you fhall make me happy in your own way: all I have to afk is that you will keep our marriage private till I can difcreetly own you for my wife."

Here he ftopped, and attempting to renew his careffes; but my eyes were now opened, though my heart was fo deeply touched that I could not hope to tafte the sweets of peace again. Diftruf-
ing,

ing, however, my own fortitude, I looked up to heaven for that succour of which I stood so much in need. I prayed with fervor, and I was succoured. Breaking from the man whom I adored, and whom I, at the same instant, despised, I cried, "My God! help me, or I am lost for ever." and rushed into the next room.

My mother was, by this time, coming in search of me.

She saw my disorder.—Surprise, anger, and concern, were painted in her countenance. Taking me by the hand, she desired my seducer to leave her house immediately. He turned pale: he even trembled at leaving a girl whom he had not courage to marry, but whom he wished to make eternally wretched for the gratification of a momentary passion; a girl who was weak enough to be charmed with, to pity a man, while he was scheming her ruin.

My dear mother, who read all that passed in my tortured breast, again insisted on his leaving us; nor would she hear him utter a single word in his defence. He, at last, quitted the room, with a look which will ever be engraven on my heart—Thank Heaven! I had resolution enough to reject him, and to return all his letters un-opened.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, you see to what a mortifying situation my pride, my folly, my love of pleasure, and a restless desire to appear in a style of life to which I had no pretensions, have reduced *me*, as well as a tender deserving parent, whose health and tranquillity have been both greatly hurt, and disturbed by her sufferings on my account. Very much indeed do I fear that she will not find it an easy task to accommodate herself to her new condition; but were I certain of her enjoying contentment and health, I could, without difficulty, reconcile myself to my humble situation. Yet, after all, I think so much of Lord B——s fine person, his winning manners, and the thousand graces in his behaviour, that I feel I am doomed to misery for the remainder of my days.

ANECDOTE

Of Theodore D'Aubigne.

HENRY the FOURTH, King of France had quarrelled with D'Aubigné on some occasion or other, and being afterwards reconciled to him, embraced him very heartily. D'Aubigné told him, "Sire, when I look in your face, I see
I may

I may take my old liberties and freedoms with you. Open now three of your waistcoat buttons, and tell me how I have displeased you." Henry growing pale at these words (as was his custom when any thing affected him) answered, " You were too much attached to the Duc de le Tremouille, to whom you know I had an aversion." " Sire," replied D'Aubigné, I have had the honour of being brought up at the feet of your Majesty, and I have learned from you never to abandon those persons who were afflicted and oppressed by a power superior to their own. You will then surely approve in me that lesson of virtue which I learned under your self." This answer was succeeded by another hearty embrace from Henry.

ON THE

Disadvantages of a great City.

IN all ages an opinion has been prevalent, that a great city is a great evil; and that a capital may be too great for the state, as a head may be for the body.

People born and bred in a great city are commonly weak and effeminate. Vegetius observing,
that

that men bred to husbandry make the best soldiers, adds what follows. " But sometimes there is a necessity for arming the towns people, and calling them out to service. When this is the case, it ought to be the first care, to inure them to labour, to march them up and down the country, to make them carry heavy burdens, and to harden them against the weather. Their food should be coarse and scanty, and they should be habituated to sleep alternately in their tents, and in the open air. Then is the time to instruct them in the exercise of their arms. If the expedition is a distant one, they should be chiefly employed in the stations of posts or expresses, and removed as much as possible from the dangerous allurements that abound in large cities; that thus they may be invigorated both in mind and body."

The luxury of a great city descends from the highest to the lowest, infecting all ranks of men; and there is little opportunity in it for such exercise, as to render the body vigorous and robust.

With regard to morality; virtue is exerted chiefly in restraint, and vice, in giving freedom to desire. Moderation and self-command form a character the most susceptible of virtue. Superfluity of animal spirits, and love of pleasure, form a character the most liable to vice. Low vices, pilfer-
ing

ing for example, or lying, draw few or no imitators; but vices, that indicate a soul above restraint, produce many admirers.

Where a man boldly struggles against unlawful restraint, he is justly applauded and imitated; and the vulgar are not apt to distinguish nicely between lawful and unlawful restraint. The boldness is visible, and they pierce no deeper. It is the unruly boy, full of animal spirits, who at public school is admired and imitated; not the virtuous and modest.

Vices, accordingly, that show spirits, are extremely infectious; virtue very little so. Hence the corruption of a great city, which increases more and more, in proportion to the number of inhabitants.

When considered in a political light, a great town is a professed enemy to the free circulation of money. The current coin is accumulated in the capital, and distant provinces must sink into distress; for without ready money, neither arts nor manufactures can flourish. Thus we find less and less activity, in proportion commonly to the distance from the capital; and an absolute torpor in the extremities.

The city of Milan affords a good proof of this observation. The money that the Emperor of Germany draws from it in taxes is carried to Vienna. Not a farthing is left, but what is barely sufficient to defray the expence of government.

Manufactures and commerce have gradually declined in proportion to the scarcity of money; and the above mentioned city, which, in the last century, contained 300,000 inhabitants, cannot now muster above 90,000.

Money, accumulated in the capital raises the price of labour. The temptation of high wages, in a great city, robs the country of its best hands. And, as they who resort to the capital are commonly young people, who remove as they are fit for work, distant provinces are burdened with their maintenance, without reaping any benefit by their labour.

But the worst effect of a great city, is the preventing of population, by shortening the lives of its inhabitants. Does a capital swell in proportion to the numbers that are drained from the country? Far from it. The air of a populous city is infected by multitudes crouded together; and people there seldom make out the usual time of life. With respect to London in particular,

the

the fact cannot be dissembled. The burials in that immense city greatly exceed the births. The difference, some affirm, to be no less than 10,000 yearly. By the most moderate computation, it is not under seven or eight thousand. As London is far from being on the decline, that number must be supplied by the country; and the annual supply amount probably to a greater number, than were wanted annually for recruiting our armies and navies in the late war with France. If so, London is a greater enemy to population, than a bloody war would be, supposing it even to be perpetual. What an enormous tax is Britain thus subjected to for supporting her capital! The rearing and educating yearly, for London, seven or eight thousand persons, require an immense sum.

In Paris, if the bills of mortality can be relied on, the births and burials are nearly equal, being each of them about 19,000 yearly; and, according to that computation, Paris should need no recruits from the country. But in that city, the bills of mortality cannot be depended on for burials. It is there the universal practice, both of high and low, to have their infants nursed in the country, till they be three years of age; and consequently those who die before that age, are not registered.

What proportion these bear to the whole is uncertain. But a conjecture may be made from such as die in London, before the age of three, which are computed to be one half of the whole that die.

Now, giving the utmost allowance for the healthiness of the country, above that of a town, children from Paris that die in the country, before the age of three, cannot be brought so low, as a third of those who die. On the other hand, the London bills of mortality are less to be depended on for births, than for burials. None are registered but infants baptized by clergymen of the English church. The numerous children, therefore, of Papists, Dissenters, and other sectaries, are generally left out of the account. Giving full allowance, however, for children, who are not brought into the London bills of mortality, there is the highest probability, that a greater number of children are born in Paris, than in London; and consequently, that the former requires fewer recruits from the country than the latter. In Paris, domestic servants are encouraged to marry. They are observed to be more settled than when bachelors, and more attentive to their duty. In London, such marriages are discouraged, as rendering a servant more attentive to his own family, than to that of his master. But a servant, attentive to
his

his own family, will not, for his own sake, neglect that of his master. At any rate, is he not more to be depended on, than a servant, who continues single? What can be expected of idle and pampered bachelors, but dissipated and irregular lives.

The poor-laws, in England, have often been the folio of corruption. Bachelors-servants in London, then, may be well considered as a large appendix. The poor-laws indeed make the chief difference between Paris and London, with respect to the present point.

In Paris, certain funds are established for the poor, the yearly produce of which admits but a limited number. As that fund is always pre-occupied, the low people who are not on the list, have little or no prospect of bread, but from their own industry; and to the industrious, marriage is in a great measure necessary.

In London, a parish is taxed, in proportion to the number of its poor; and every person who is pleased to be idle, is entitled to a maintenance. Most things thrive by encouragement, and idleness above all. Certainty of maintenance, renders the low people in England idle and profligate; especially in London, where luxury prevails, and infects every rank. So insolent are the London
poor,

poor, that scarce one of them will condescend to eat brown bread. There are accordingly in London, a much greater number of idle and profligate wretches, than in Paris, or in any other town, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. "These wretches," in Doctor Swift's style, "never think of posterity, because posterity never thinks of them." Men who hunt after pleasure, and live from day to day, have no notion of submitting to the burden of a family.

Another objection to an overgrown capital is, that by numbers and riches, it has a distressing influence in public affairs. The populace are ductile, and easily misled by ambitious and designing magistrates. Nor are there wanting critical times, in which such magistrates, acquiring artificial influence, may have power to disturb the public peace. That an overgrown capital may prove dangerous to sovereignty, has more than once been experienced both in Paris and London.

The French and English are often zealously disputing about the extent of their capitals, as if the prosperity of their country depended on that circumstance. It would be as rational to glory in any contagious distemper. They would be much better employed, in contriving means for lessening

lessening these cities. There is not a political measure that would tend more to aggrandize the kingdom of France, or of Britain, than to split their capitals into several great towns.

With regard to London, my plan would be to limit the inhabitants to 100,000, composed of the King and his household, supreme courts of justice, government boards, prime nobility and gentry, with necessary shop-keepers, artists, and other dependents. Let the rest of the inhabitants be distributed into nine towns properly situated, some for internal commerce, some for foreign. Such a plan would diffuse life and vigour through every corner of the island.

The two great cities of London and Westminster are extremely ill fitted for local union. The latter, the seat of government and of the noblesse, infects the former with luxury, and with love of show. The former, the seat of commerce, infects the latter with love of gain. The mixture of these opposite passions is productive of every groveling vice.



A N E C D O T E.

THE late Mr. Hall, the ingenious and witty author of the *Crazy Tales*, and other original performances, was, with all his wit and humour, oppressed at times with very unpleasing hypochondriac affections. In one of these fits, at Skelton Castle, in Yorkshire, he kept his chamber, talked of death and the *east* wind as synonymous terms, and could not be persuaded by his friends to mount his horse, and dissipate his blue devils by air and exercise. Mr. Sterne, who was at this time one of his visitants, finding that no reasons could prevail against the fancies of his friend, bribed an active boy to scale the turret of the Castle, turn the weathercock *due west*, and fasten it with a cord to that point. Mr. Hall rose from his bed as usual, oppressed and unhappy, when casting his eye through a bow window to the turret, and seeing the wind due west, he immediately joined his company at breakfast, ordered his horse to be saddled, and enlivened the morning's ride with his facetious humour, execrating easterly winds, and launching forth in praise of western breezes. This continued for three or four days, till unfortunately the cord breaking which fastened the weathercock, it returned at once to its easterly position;

tion; and Mr. Hall retreated to his chamber, without having the least suspicion of the trick which his cousin Shandy had play'd upon him.

ESSAY ON SEDUCTION.

SEDUCTION is one of the most enormous crimes of which man is capable. Those who are guilty of it, deserve to be hunted out of society, and deprived of all its advantages. This would, perhaps, be a severer punishment to such base and perfidious mortals, than the most painful death they could suffer; because it would effectually deprive them of all the opportunity of gratifying their unlawful and inordinate desires, and oblige them to harken to the monitor within them, whom it is impossible to silence in a cool, a serious moment.

A very little consideration will suffice to shew the iniquity and wickedness of such a behaviour in the most glaring colours. To endeavour to gain the affections of an amiable young female, with no other design but to plunge her into the deepest misery and the heaviest distress, for the pleasure of an hour; is a procedure not only base and malignant, but even diabolical. It is indeed

an action, the moral turpitude of which is so great that none but those whose hearts are rendered totally callous and unfeeling, by a long course of iniquitous practices, can be guilty of it.

It is the less excusable, because it is necessarily a premeditated, a deliberate guilt. It is not an action done in the heat of passion, and the fury of unrestrained appetites, but one which is carried on for a considerable space of time.

Young women, especially in the less populous parts of the world, are frequently educated in a very retired and recluse manner. Unacquainted with the low and unworthy arts made use of by too many of the deceitful inhabitants of the earth, they suppose that others are innocent, because they are so themselves. Living in such ignorance of that double-dealing which the men of the world practice, they too readily give credit to the vows and oaths by which those, who call themselves their lovers, so liberally and so solemnly engage to be ever faithful to them.

And when the perfidious arts of the deceitful villain have so far succeeded, as to bring the unsuspecting, too credulous maiden, to entertain a favourable opinion of him; when, by the most insidious and infernal blandishments, he at last persuades

forces her to resign to his protestations of fidelity, and loses what can never be recovered. How dreadful is the situation into which the unhappy fair one is plunged ! What pangs of remorse ! What feelings of shame ! Betrayed and deserted by the man in whom she puts an entire confidence ; by that man, whom of all the world she would wish to be near her ! Oh ! how severe must her repentance be, before she can recover the serenity of innocence.

Oh! ye seducers! if ye did but reflect upon the direful consequences of your crime! In the present state of those whose affections you have gained by the worst means, and for the worst purposes; and in the future to yourselves, when you may justly expect, from the Righteous Ruler of the world, a just punishment for an iniquity of such a magnitude, you could not possibly be guilty of it. The very idea would strike you with horror, and make your blood run cold. Ye who are designed to be the protection and defence of that helpless sex, can ye be so abandoned as to ruin those who were made to be the solace and delight of your eyes, and your chief earthly good?

Can you, for the gratification of an inordinate
 lust, take advantage of that partiality which they
 have for you, and immerse them into irretrievable
 D d 2 misery?

misery? Think of the iniquity of such a conduct, and your consciences will not fail loudly to remonstrate with you, and tell you how base, how wicked, how unworthy of humanity it is, thus to act. You, who were designed to communicate happiness to all around you, can you prostitute those abilities which were given you for the noblest purposes, to such infernal uses? If ye have any shame, if ye have any humanity, if ye have any conscience, desist from such enormous wickedness. Consider the end of your creation, your prospects in futurity, and no more commit actions, by the perpetrations of which you must necessarily incur such immense guilt.

And oh! ye lovely, ye amiable, ye accomplished fair ones, never be persuaded to credit the vows and protestations of the sincerity of those wretches, who would delude you to your ruin. Suffer not their arts and blandishments to have any effect upon you, 'till you have the most indubitable evidence that their intentions are fair and honourable. Take warning by the distress into which so many of your sex have been brought, and let not a unit be added to their number. Be assured, that they never have honest intentions, when they would carry on a secret, an illicit courtship; when they endeavour to steal insensibly upon your affections,

fections, and by the most solemn imprecations persuade you to give up to their wishes an invaluable treasure. You may be certain, that, in the end, even they will thank you for refusing, though to their most importunate request, that inestimable jewel, your virtue. You will consult even their interest best, by refusing them: therefore be careful, be vigilant; for too many of the children of Adam rove about, seeking whom, among your weak and too credulous sex, they may devour and sacrifice at the altar of lust. Always prefer your virtue to your life, and never cease your care in preserving it.

But what accumulated guilt do they incur, who seduce to infidelity women, who are already engaged to a man by the closest, the tenderest ties.

Perhaps the poor unhappy victim to a monster's lust was by the cruellest force obliged to marry a man, to whom, to say the least, she had no partiality. Perhaps his cruel usage has rendered him the object of her aversion. How much is she to be pitied, and how much is he to be detested! The infamous and deliberate villain, who, taking advantage of such circumstances, tells her how happy he should think himself in her husband's situation, rails at his ingratitude and cruelty, and by industriously seeking for critical moments, lulls her into ruin.

Guard,

Guard, then, ye married women, with the utmost care, against the first approaches to conjugal infidelity. Be assured, a contrary behaviour will make you effectually miserable. Nothing can recall your virtue, nothing bring back that peace and serenity of mind, which, under the severest trials, is the constant attendant and chief support of virtue. Nothing can eradicate the memory of such a crime, when once committed.

Carefully watch then, and subdue the first favourable impressions in favour of any man but your husband. Remember that the path of duty is the only path of happiness; and that, as you wander out of it less or more, you will be more or less happy.

ANECDOTE

OF A

KING's FRIEND.

LOUIS XIII. never could be without a favourite. Cardinal Richlieu, hated by every one who was about the King, gave him one in the person of young Esliat Cinq Mars, that he might have a creature of his own about the throne.

This

This young man who was soon made master of the horse, wanted to be in the council ; and the Cardinal, who would not suffer it, had immediately an irreconcilable enemy in him. The King's own behaviour, who, offended with his minister's pride and state, used to impart his dislike to his favourite, whom he always called his *dear friend*, the more emboldened Cinq Mars to plot against him. He proposed to his Majesty several times to have him assassinated ; but the King afterwards took such a dislike to his favourite, that he banished him his presence ; so that Cinq Mars, conceived an equal hatred to the King and his minister. He carried on a correspondence with the Duke of Bouillon and the King's brother. The chief object was the Cardinal's death. Richlieu's good fortune discovered the plot : the conspirators treaty with Spain fell into his hands. This cost Cinq Mars his life : he was beheaded at Lyons. At the hour appointed for his execution, Louis pulled out his watch, and turning to the Courtiers about him, said, "I fancy my *dear friend* makes a very sorry figure just now."



Exalted Friendship;

Or the GENEROUS SURRENDER.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

IT has been asserted by some writers, who pretended to make deep enquiries into the nature of the female heart, that friendships between women and women, though violent for a while, are seldom of so long a duration as those contracted between men and men. Numerous cases in point might, doubtless, be produced to justify such positions, but it must be owned, at the same time, that many of the fair sex have distinguished themselves in a striking manner, by the solidity, and the permanence of their attachments to each other; attachments which have remained unimpaired during the lives of the amiable contractors; in spite of the rudest shocks which they have received either from the malicious attempts of those who envied their constancy, or from some delicate distresses arising from their connections with the other sex.

The friendship which commenced between Harriot Stapleton and Sophia Manton at the school to which their parents sent them at an early age, gathered strength in their advanced years;

years; and when they were introduced into the world, after having finished their education, they were never so happy as when they enjoyed each other's society. Entertained with the same books, addicted to the same pursuits, and captivated by the same diversions, they were almost inseparable companions: and as their parents, on both sides, were people in very genteel life, they always appeared, in point of dress, to the greatest advantage. They were both handsome, but in so different a style of beauty, that they felt none of the corrosions of rivalry, while they made an advantageous display of their persons; and as they gained, each of them, a considerable deal of admiration, when they appeared in public, each of them was sufficiently satisfied with her share of it.

By the nomination of Sophia's father to a lucrative post in one of our Leeward islands, Harriot was robbed of her friend, as Mr. Manton, in consequence of his being obliged to reside several years abroad, chose to take his family with him.

Sophia received the first news of her father's appointment without that joy which she should otherwise have felt, upon his having obtained a considerable addition to his income, because she could not help thinking of the separation from her Harriot; and her reflections, occasioned by the sincer-

rity as well as fervor of her friendship, threw her mind, for a time, into so painful a state, that she frequently regretted the event which was to divide her from the only person among all her acquaintance, for whose sake she wished to remain in England. However, when she came to reflect coolly, and with composure upon her father's profitable post, and considered also, that being his only child, she might be greatly benefitted by the opportunities put into his power to enlarge her fortune, she began to be reconciled to her destined voyage, tho' she could not refrain from tears when the hour of embarkation approached.

During the absence of her friend from England, Harriot became a rich heiress, by the death of her father, and was strongly solicited by numbers to enter into the marriage state. She had, before her father's decease, indeed, received addresses from several men, with fair characters, and in suitable circumstances, but as Mr. Stapleton would not, from an inherent sordidness in his disposition, advance a shilling in his life time, the men who courted an alliance with his family, soon took leave of the lady who had attracted them, not caring to trust to any posthumous donations.

As an heiress, and as a rich heiress, Harriot was surrounded by admirers, and among them, some of
her

her former solicitors made their appearance; but as they had evidently proved themselves to have been actuated by mercenary (at least not very generous) motives, she discharged them upon the renewal of their addresses to her, and would not hear any of the apologies which they attempted to frame for their conduct.

The man whom Harriot most favoured was a Mr. Moore, a gentleman by birth and education, but by no means upon an equality with her in regard to fortune: yet, as he had every requisite, in her opinion, fortune excepted, to render the marriage state happy, and as she was, herself amply furnished with that agreeable supplement to all other qualifications, she did not imagine that she should act with the slightest indelicacy, by encouraging her diffident lover to suppose that his addresses would not be rejected.

Moore, though not a professed fortune hunter, could not see the overtures made to him by a fine woman, with large possessions, un-flattered by them: he was not, it is true, literally in love with her, but her many amiable qualities operated so powerfully upon him, that he ventured to assure himself he could not be unhappy with such a wife. With the highest veneration, therefore, for her virtues,

and charmed with her accomplishments, he availed himself of the encouragements she delicately threw in his way, and was extremely well received.

When the preliminaries were settled between him and his suitor, Moore set out on a journey to Portsmouth, to see an old uncle there, who according to a letter received from his house, lay at the point of death, and wanted very much to see him before his dissolution. On his arrival at Portsmouth, however, he was greatly surprised to find his uncle heartier than he had been for some years, and soon afterwards discovered that he had been drawn from the capital by one of those facetious gentlemen, who, for the sake of what they call fun, take an infinite deal of pleasure in throwing people into situations not at all agreeable to them—into situations sometimes not only whimsically, but often seriously distressing.

While he was drinking a cheerful glass one evening with his uncle, the arrival of a lady, with her daughter, flung the old gentleman into a state of astonishment.

Bless me, Madam, exclaimed he, I can hardly believe my eyes.

You may well be surprised, my good Sir, replied Mrs. Manton, but to tell you the truth, the
climate

climate agreed so ill with me and my daughter, that we desired Mr. Manton to send us home; and to endeavour to procure his own return to England as soon as he could: for what is all the money in the world without health to enjoy it?

Moore soon found from the conversation between this lady and his uncle, that her daughter was the very intimate friend of his Harriot; he found also, after a few interviews with her, that she had made an impression upon his heart not easy to be eradicated: he found, in short, that while he only esteemed Harriot Stapleton, he loved Sophia Manton; and from the different sensations which he felt from the conflict in his breast between love and honour, he was in a state of disquiet which he had never till now experienced. He now wished he had not gone so far towards an union with Harriot; and he would willingly have relinquished all his golden prospects to be released from his engagements: but as he looked upon himself already married to her, though the ceremony was not actually performed, his principles would not suffer him to act in a manner which would injure his reputation.

Poor Sophia, at the same time, had her conflicts: her tender heart throbbed so much in favour

mour of the first man who had occasioned any tumult in it, that she was deprived of her usual tranquillity by day, and robbed of her wonted rest by night. Her mother, whose concern for her was extreme, because her affection for her was excessive, administered all the consolation in her power, and urged her to try not to think of him for a husband, who was too far engaged with another woman, to her dearest friend, to leave her without appearing in a very ungenteel, not to say, dishonourable light.

The consolations of her mother were kindly intended, and her arguments were rationally applied, but Sophia was neither calmed by the one nor convinced by the other. Her heart was at variance with her head, and the sensations of the former overpowered the reflections of the latter.

While Mrs. Manton and her daughter were thus situated at Portsmouth, in the house of Mrs. Benson, by whom they were accommodated in the most friendly and hospitable manner, Miss Stapleton was acquainted with the real situation of her friend and her lover, from their own letters, in spite of all their efforts to conceal it: and wrote a pressing invitation to the former, to come and stay a few weeks with her, if Mrs. Manton had no material

material objection to the compliance with her request. This invitation brought her to town, and she was accompanied by Moore, who now thought it high time to return to his generous mistress, lest she should imagine he would be a man equally destitute of gratitude and honor by deserting her.

The first interview between the two female friends was very affecting: the pleasure which each of them felt from their meeting, being strongly dashed with the pain which they mutually endured from their mutual recollections.

Like a man of strict honour, Moore began, in a few days to forward the preparations for his wedding day. Harriot as she really loved him, did not know how to put a stop to them, and yet her pity for her dear friend Sophia often made her so unhappy as to determine to give up the man of her heart, to preserve the life of a woman to whose happiness he was become absolute necessary. Severe was the combat in her tender bosom, between her feelings for her lover, and her feelings for her friend: at length, the latter prevailed.

Having overheard a little conversation one day between this unhappy pair, in which they both exhibited themselves in the most amiable, as well as the most pitiable light, she broke in upon them,
with

with an abruptness, for which she would have keenly reproached herself, had she not believed that the cause of her intrusion would forcibly apologize for it. Addressing herself to them alternately, she assured them that she could not think of seeing them devoted to infelicity on her account, and that the pleasure of seeing her lover the husband of her friend, would sufficiently alleviate the uneasiness she might feel during the first pressures of disappointment.

In consequence of this address (there is no describing the behaviour of the two lovers, melted by the generosity of sentiment breathing through it) preparations were now made for the union of Moore with his Sophia; and Mrs. Manton came to town, with no small satisfaction, to be present at her daughter's nuptials. Before that day arrived, she received a letter from a friend of her husband's, which shocked her exceedingly: she was informed by it, that Mr. Manton, having one night met with losses at the gaming table, which his whole fortune could not repair, had destroyed himself.

This intelligence, while it shook Harriot's tender and sympathizing heart, afforded her an opportunity which, he immediately seized, to appear to greater advantage than ever. The moment she
heard

heard of it, she settled an handsome annuity upon Mrs. Manton, and then gave Sophia as genteel a fortune as she had reason to expect from the supposed circumstances of her father before that night, which, by stripping him of all his possessions, drove him to add the criminality of the suicide, to the folly of gamester.

ANECDOTE

OF

Mr. Bonnell Thornton.

WHEN the late facetious Bonnell Thornton was a student at Oxford, having a natural turn for gaiety, and being a good deal circumscribed in his finances, he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem for ways and means. He had lately had two new suits of clothes, and anticipated his taylor's demands by a fictitious bill; for which, upon remitting it to his father, he received the amount by the return of the post. The sight of so much cash, which he had been unaccustomed to, animated him with an uncommon flow of spirits, which were not to be indulged in scholastic exercises; so that he immediately set out for the capital: and, having there equipped himself with

F f

a bag-wig

a bag-wig and sword, he accompanied his Dulcinea to the play, in the pit. The second music was scarcely finished, before his Father came, and placed himself in the seat before him; and, presently turning round, was a good deal startled at seeing a figure that so much resembled his son. "What, Bonnell!" "are you there"? But Bonnell, who knew nothing could befriend him upon this occasion but effrontery, resolved to brazen it out, turned to his lady and chatted with her, not paying any attention to the old gentleman's enquiries. His Father was, however, very dissatisfied, notwithstanding Bonnell's disguise, and retired before the play was finished, very much chagrined. Upon his return home, he found an intimate friend, to whom he communicated the cause of the mortification he had received; and added, that he would burn his will, and cut such an ungrateful rascal off with a shilling; an unnatural scoundrel! who had publicly disowned his father. Mr. Thornton's friend endeavoured to soften his passion, and dissuade him from so precipitate an act; saying, that he could not possibly think it was Bonnell Mr. Thornton had seen, and that his dress was a proof of mistake. This, however, did not prevent his persevering in the resolution of destroying his will, till his friend agreed to set out early the next morning for Oxford, and there receive

ceive satisfactory intelligence. Bonnell, convinced of his critical situation, set out post for Oxford, as soon as the play was finished, and got there time enough to be at morning prayers. His father arrived there with his friend in the evening, and, upon inquiry, finding his son was at college, and had been at prayers that very morning, he returned fully satisfied with Bonnell's filial duty.

A LETTER

ON

The Causes of disagreement in Marriage.

SIR,

THOUGH, in the dissertations which you have given us on marriage, very just cautions are laid down against the common causes of infelicity, and the necessity of having, in that important choice, the first regard to virtue, is carefully inculcated, yet I cannot think the subject so much exhausted, but that a little reflection would present to the mind many questions, in the discussion of which great numbers are interested, and many precepts which deserve to be more particularly and forcibly impressed.

You seem, like most of the writers that have

gone before you, to have allowed, as an uncontested principle, that *Marriage is generally unhappy*: but I know not whether a man who professes to think for himself and concludes from his own observations, does not depart from his character when he follows the croud thus implicitly, and receives maxims without recalling them to a new examination, especially when they comprise so wide a circuit of life, and include such variety of circumstances. As I have an equal right with others to give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that state which I have tried, than many who talk of it without experience, I am unwilling to be restrained by mere authority from advancing what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy; and that most of those who complain of connubial miseries, have as much satisfaction as their nature would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both sexes repine at their change, relate the happiness of their earlier years, blame the folly and rashness of their own choice, and warn those whom they see coming into the world against the same precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered, that
the

the days which they so much wish to call back, are the days not only of celibacy but of youth, the days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of hope, of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and lightness of heart. It is not easy to surround life with any circumstances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid that whether married or unmarried, we shall find the vesture of terrestrial existence more heavy and cumbrous, the longer it is worn.

That they censure themselves for the indiscretion of their choice, is not a sufficient proof that they have chosen ill, since we see the same discontent at every other part of life which we cannot change. Converse with almost any man, grown old in a profession, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into some different course, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he discovers that wealth and honour are more easily attained. "The merchant," says Horace, "envies the foldier, and the foldier recounts the felicity of the merchant; the lawyer, when his clients harass him, calls out for the quiet of the countrymen; and the countryman, when business calls him to town, proclaims that there is no happiness but amidst opulence and crowds." Every man recounts the inconveniences of his
own

own station, and thinks those of any other less, because he has not felt them. Thus the married praise the ease and freedom of the single state, and the single fly to marriage from the weariness of solitude. From all our observations we may collect with certainty, that misery is the lot of man, but cannot discover in what particular condition it will find most alleviations; or whether all external appendages are not, as we use them, the causes either of good or ill.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally hopes for ease from change of posture; he changes it, and finds himself equally tormented: and of the same kind are the expedients by which we endeavour to obviate or elude those uneasinesses, to which mortality will always be subject. It is not likely that the married state is eminently miserable, since we see such numbers, whom the death of their partners has set free from it, entering it again.

Wives and husbands are, indeed, incessantly complaining of each other; and there would be reason for imagining that almost every house was infested with perverseness or oppression beyond human sufferance, did we not know upon how small occasions some minds burst out into lamentations and reproaches, and how naturally every
animal

animal revenges his pain upon those who happen to be near, without any nice examination of its cause. We are always willing to fancy ourselves within a little of happiness, and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, persuade ourselves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, since, if we could find any other obstacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomists have often remarked, though our diseases are sufficiently numerous and severe, yet when we enquire into the structure of the body, the tenderness of some parts, the minuteness of others, and the immense multiplicity of animal functions that must concur to the healthful and vigorous exercise of all our powers, there appears reason to wonder rather that we are preserved so long, than that we perish so soon; and that our frame subsists for a single day, or hour, without disorder, rather than that it should be broken or obstructed by violence of accidents or length of time.

The same reflection arises in my mind, upon observation of the manner in which marriage is frequently contracted.

When I see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables and their beds, without
any

any enquiry, but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make articles for their children, without enquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers, and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them, some because they squander their own money, some because their houses are pestered with company, some because they will live like other people, and some only because they are sick of themselves, I am not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when I find its pleasures so great that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly over-balance them.

By the ancient custom of the Muscovites, the men and women never saw each other till they were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be suspected that by this method many unsuitable matches were produced, and many tempers associ-
ated

ated that were not qualified to give pleasure to each other. Yet, perhaps among a people so little delicate, where the paucity of gratifications and the uniformity of life gave no opportunity for imagination to interpose its objections, there was not much danger of capricious dislike, and while they felt neither cold nor hunger, they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one another. Amongst us, whom knowledge has made nice, and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautions requisite to secure tranquillity; and yet if we observe the manner in which those converse, who have singled out each other for marriage, we shall, perhaps, not think that the Russians lost much by their restraint. For the whole endeavour of both parties, during the time of courtship, is to hinder themselves from being known, and to disguise their natural temper, and real desires, in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither sees the other but in a mask, and the cheat is managed often on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to suspect that some transformation has happened on the wedding night, and that, by a strange imposture one has been courted, and another married.

I desire you, therefore, to question all who shall hereafter come to you with matrimonial complaints, concerning their behaviour in the time of courtship, and inform them that they are neither to wonder nor repine, when a contract begun with fraud has ended in disappointment.

I am, &c.

On INDUSTRY.

INVENTIVE power! to thee we owe,
 The swelling sail, the vent'rous prow,
 That boldly stems the impetuous tide,
 And o'er the billowy ocean rides.
 O be thy praise for ever sung!
 From thee cold independence sprung.
 Aspiring high, thy spirit broke
 The bondage of the feudal yoke,
 Bade man his native force exert,
 His high prerogative assert,
 And scorn and reprobate the lore
 That justifies despotic power.
 The gothic lords beheld with pain
 Thy navies bounding o'er the main,
 With pain thy thriving cities saw,
 And progress of thy equal law;
 Nor dar'd thy influence oppose,

For

For bright thy radiant star arose,
 And independence came confess'd
 Redoubted champion of the west.

T H E

STORY OF THE TWO SISTERS,

*From whom the Village Church of Reculver,
 near Margate takes its name.*

TOWARDS the end of those troublesome times, when ENGLAND was shook by the feuds of the houses of YORK and LANCASTER; there resided, in a village near the banks of the Medway, a gentleman whose name was Geoffry De Saint Clair, descended from a family of great antiquity and repute in those parts. The many lances, and pieces of armour, that hung round the old hall, did not render it more respectable, than did the unbounded benevolence of its present possessor. The poor sat at his gate, and blessed his liberal hand; and never a pilgrim reposed in his porch, without remembering, in his orisons, its hospitable owner.

Saint Clair had allied himself in marriage with the Lady Margaret De Boys, a woman of high birth,

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birth, and rare endowments; whose accomplishments might have embellished the greatest scenes, had not a love of domestic life, and religious cast of mind, induced her to prefer retirement. All her leisure hours, which her family did not call for, were spent in duties, which, in that age, ladies of the noblest rank exercised, without thinking they demeaned their stations; she relieved the indigent,—advised with the unfortunate,—visited the sick, — and brought up her *Twin Daughters*, FRANCES and ISABELLA, in the same sentiments; accustoming them very early, to attend upon her in all those acts of primitive piety. As these young ladies were the sole issue of Saint Clair and Lady Margaret, they devoted their whole attention to their education; and had the comfort to find in their minds, so rich a soil, that every thing prospered which was planted in them: no useful knowledge was omitted, no external accomplishment neglected.

FRANCES and ISABELLA were now arrived at the age of twenty-five, the amiableness of their characters, their enlarged understanding, and the gracefulness of their persons, won the admiration, and esteem of all who approached them. They had, from similitude of manners, and sentiment, contracted such a rare affection for each other,
that

that it seemed as if nature, by forming them together in the womb, had prepared them for that extraordinary union, which was to distinguish their lives, and for those effusions of elevated friendship, which the loss of their exemplary mother was one day to call forth. Nor was this event very remote; Lady Margaret was seized by a sudden illness, which, in a few days, carried her off, and desolated one of the happiest families in the world.

It would be difficult to describe the sounds of woe, which on this occasion, echoed through all the mansion, or the sighs of the disconsolate poor, under the windows. The grief of Saint Clair, after the many years of uninterrupted happiness that he had enjoyed with Lady Margaret, in its first attack, almost overpowered his reason; FRANCES and ISABELLA had the weight of a father's sorrow added to their own; which compelled them to smother their feelings, great as they were, and to assume a fortitude their hearts disavowed.

—Lovely mourners!—more lovely in your tears!—methinks I see you now, bathed in filial sorrow, standing by, and supporting your distracted parent—striving in vain to tear him from the coffin, which he will not suffer his servants to close,

close, still demanding, in wild utterance, again, and again—*one last—last look!*—

—Heavens! how severe a distress! if any reader hath been in a situation, to ask for *a last look* of what is most dear to him, and what he is going to be deprived of for ever—he alone can best judge, how much that bosom is agonized, that urges the request!

Though Saint Clair called in aid all philosophy, to support himself under the loss of his beloved Lady Margaret, yet he was worn, by a silent sorrow, which had so visible an effect on his health, as to menace his life; and which, in about a year, put an end to it.

In this mournful interval, the greatest comfort his dejected daughters received, was, from the frequent visits of their uncle John De Saint Clair, who was at that time, Abbot of the monastery of SAINT AUGUSTIN in CANTERBURY: of which place, there are, at this day, such noble remains existing. He was the younger brother of Geoffrey, though there was but the difference of a year between them; and was reputed to be a man of so much learning and virtue, that Saint Clair, by his will, recommended his children to his care and protection; bequeathing to each of them, a very large inheritance.

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The manner in which FRANCES had been brought up, added to her natural turn of mind, and the example of a mother, she so much revered, determined her to a life of religious retirement: and a great convent of Benedictine Nuns, not very distant from FEVERSHAM, happening a few months after, to lose their principal, (who was always one of a considerable family) the Abbot of SAINT AUGUSTIN, perceiving her fixed in her scheme of life, procured her to be named the Lady Abbess of it.

ISABELLA, who had never as yet been separated from her sister, would, on this occasion, most willingly have taken the veil. "The same roof," says she, "hath ever hitherto covered us,—the same have been our wishes,—the same our pursuits;—the grave hath divided us from those, who taught us the amiableness of friendship,—and shall alone divide us from one another!"

The Abbot was much hurt by this declaration of his niece. He desired her to banish from her thought, such a resolution; and failed not to intimate to her, that FRANCES, having devoted herself to the cloister she remained the only support of the family of St. Clair; that her virtues should rather embellish society, than be lost within the walls

walls of a monastery ; and wished she would by accepting some alliance of suitable rank and fortune, rather permit those accomplishments to be seen by the world, which she sought to hide in oblivion.

FRANCES, on her part, however she was charmed with this testimony of her sister's affection, joined in sentiment with her uncle, expressing to her, how much happier she should be, to see her settle herself by marriage, and imitate the good life and example of their excellent mother.

“I am not, you know,” says she, “by the religious office I fill, tied down to all those rules, which of course must be imposed on you ; my liberty remains ; we shall have constant opportunities of continuing that intercourse of love, our hearts so mutually desire. It will be the highest pleasure to me, to see you united to a man worthy your choice ; preserving in our father's castle, that hospitality, for which it hath so long been famed ; and whenever you shall wish to make a short retreat from the bustle of the world, our holy house will afford you a peaceable asylum.

It was not but with great difficulty, nor even till much time after, that, by the repeated solicitations of FRANCES, and her uncle, ISABELLA,

was

was prevailed on to relinquish entirely, her intentions of entering on a monastic life. She resided for some time, in her father's venerable old mansion on the Medway, accompanied by a widowed aunt, her father's sister; who, at intervals, attended her on visits to FRANCES, and also, at particular seasons, to the Abbot, at his house, which was a noble building, adjoining to the monastery of ST. AUGUSTIN.

It was in one of these visits to her uncle, that she became acquainted with Henry De Belville, between whose father and the Abbot, there had long subsisted a most firm friendship. He was of good birth, though much inferior to ISABELLA in fortune; his father's estate having greatly suffered in the confusion of those turbulent times.

Belville was now in his twenty-ninth year; his figure was graceful, and manly, and, to a disposition as amiable as his person, was joined an understanding both quick and strong, and which had been improved by the most extensive education, that the fashion of the age allowed. He had been sent to travel over EUROPE, had resided in several of its principal courts; and was now on his return from a short expedition into France, and had stopped at CANTERBURY, to pay his respects to

the Abbot, and to deliver certain letters with which he had been charged.

Belville, on his first return to ENGLAND, a few years previous to the present period, had been honoured by the patronage of RICHARD DUKE of GLOUCESTER; near whose person, he held an employment, which could not long dispense with his absence; for that prince, being now mounted on the throne of ENGLAND, the whole nation was thrown into an hostile state.

It will not be wondered at, if after Belville and ISABELLA had been a few days together, their mutual accomplishments, and their mutual desire to please, should have made them much charmed with one another. Belville felt himself enamoured of his fair companion, and had the satisfaction to perceive, that his attention to her was not thrown away. Though he took leave, after a short time, to go to LONDON, yet he found an excuse for returning very soon; and having reason to think he had made a favourable impression on ISABELLA, did not long hesitate to propose himself to her, as one who would be happy to pass his life, in the society of so engaging a woman. His offer was not less pleasing to ISABELLA, than it was to her uncle, and FRANCES; the latter of whom agreed to give
up

up to her sister, her right in the castle of St. Clair, where it was proposed they should reside.

Every thing was preparing for their nuptials; and nothing could wear a fairer face of prosperity, than did this purposed union of true and disinterested affection. But the successful progress that the arms of HENRY of RICHMOND now made in the kingdom, had obliged RICHARD to oppose them with his utmost force, and to summon all his servants to attend his camp; amongst whom, as before mentioned, was the intended bridegroom; who at this time would most willingly have waved the service, had not his own nice sense of honour, and his zeal for his royal master, overcome every private motive.

Were I to follow closely, the manuscript from whence the substance of this story is drawn, it would lead me into some of the historical transactions of those times, which are already sufficiently known; only it is worthy of being remembered, that there are encomiums bestowed on the character, and person of RICHARD; upon both of which historians have thrown so much deformity. I shall therefore pass over those circumstances, which are foreign to my subject; and only observe, that the unfortunate Belville was amongst those of the king's followers, who shared their royal master's

fate in BOSWORTH FIELD. He was near RICHARD in great part of the battle, and was also a witness of his death; and his own horse being killed under him, either by the fall, or by being trampled on in the confusion, his thigh was broken; and, after RICHMOND's party had obtained the victory, this gallant youth was carried, with several others wounded, into LEICESTER, where, his rank being known, he was lodged in a monastery of Black Friars, in that city.

His page, Bertram, who had served him from his infancy, took care that every assistance should be procured him; but the fever, which was occasioned by the accident, together with many bruises he had received, neither gave himself, or those about him, any other prospect, but that of approaching death.

Those who contemplate Belville a few weeks before, in the full vigour of youth, flattering himself with every expectation of happiness, that virtue, fortune, and a union with one of the loveliest of women, could present to his imagination; and now picture him—stretched on a poor pallet,—surrounded by a parcel of mendicant friars,—his countenance shrunk and wan,—and his eyes fixed with humility and resignation, on a crucifix which they held before him; cannot surely, by
the

the contrast, avoid dropping a sigh, at the fallacy of human hopes!

A little before he expired, he desired to be left alone with his Page, that he might give him his latest orders.

“ Bertram,” says he, looking wistfully on him,
 “ the day that hath ruined our Sovereign’s for-
 “ tune, hath blasted mine! and that too, in the
 “ moment when it shone the fairest! Thou wilt
 “ soon render me the last of thy faithful services!
 “ Let my body rest with the fathers of this house,
 “ and as soon as thou hath seen its due rites per-
 “ formed, speed thee to CANTERBURY, and ac-
 “ quaint the holy Abbot of ST. AUGUSTIN, with
 “ the bloody event of yesterday. Conjure him,
 “ that he unfold it to my intended bride, in such
 “ a manner as his discretion shall advise. Bear her
 “ this jewel from my finger, in token, that my last
 “ thoughts dwelt on her; and tell her; my only
 “ sigh in leaving the world, was for the losing her,
 “ whose virtues so embellish it!”

The faithful Bertram dropped a tear of affection and gratitude, over the grave of his gallant master; and journeying to CANTERBURY with a bursting heart, presented himself before the Abbot,

bot, with such a countenance, as hardly needed a tongue to tell his melancholy errand.

The arrival of Belville's Page, could not be long a secret to ISABELLA, who was then at her uncle's; and whose mind instantly foreboded some extraordinary event; though the news of the battle had not yet reached that city.

When Saint Clair was himself sufficiently composed, to open the mournful business to his niece, he spared none of that ghostly comfort, which a good man would offer on such an occasion; though the amount of all that can be said to the sons and daughters of affliction, is no more than this, that it is our duty, and our interest, to bear, with patience, that which is not in our power to alter! The emotions of nature must subside, before the soothing voice of reason can be heard!

ISABELLA, after giving way to the first transports of passion, assumed a fortitude, and resignation, which her piety alone could inspire. She desired that Bertram might be detained, two, or three days, at the monastery, and as soon as her mind was more fortified, she would dispatch him to her sister FRANCES, whom she could then bear to see with more calmness; and to whom she sent the following letter, by the hands of the page.

“ Most

“ Most beloved Sister,

“ I am plunged from the height of imaginary
 “ happiness, into the depth of real distress! The
 “ messenger who delivers this, will inform you of
 “ my situation, and to him I refer you for parti-
 “ culars, which I am unable to dwell on. Belville
 “ is no more! All that dream of happiness which
 “ I hoped for, from an alliance with that dear,
 “ that amiable man, is vanished in an instant!
 “ and I wake into a world, that hath no object
 “ for my regard, but the affection of my ever ten-
 “ der FRANCES! I support my adversity with all
 “ the fortitude I can summon up; but heaven
 “ only knows the struggles of my heart! From
 “ the time that the united solicitations of you,
 “ and my uncle, prevailed on me (though reluc-
 “ tantly) to absent myself from you, my soul hath
 “ been agitated between hope and disappointment!
 “ I will trust the fallacy of the world no more;
 “ the remainder of my days shall be passed with
 “ you; and we will end life as we began it, in an
 “ inseparable union. Your converse, and the so-
 “ litude of a cloister, can alone restore tranquillity
 “ to the mind, of your ever faithful, and disconso-
 “ late.

“ ISABELLA.”

When the Lady Abbess saw her sister, she found
 her still more confirmed in her resolution of en-
 tering

tering on a monastic life. Her Uncle, conceiving it might best restore a calm to her troubled spirits, no longer opposed it; and as soon as her affairs were properly adjusted, and every thing prepared, she took the veil in the convent where FRANCES presided.

ISABELLA, now found in religion, the only consolation for her past misfortunes; and though the remembrance of her beloved Belville, would often come across her, and spread a temporary gloom over her mind, yet she constantly strove to dispel it by piety and resignation. The Two SISTERS enjoyed all that heartfelt pleasure, which arises from rooted friendship; and, as the effects of benevolent dispositions operate on all around, theirs served to communicate happiness to all the Sisterhood.

The *Manuscript* informs us, that after these ladies had passed near fourteen years in this peaceful retirement, the Abbess was seized with an alarming fever, the effects of which hung so long upon her, that they greatly endangered her life. It is not difficult to conceive, how severe ISABELLA'S sufferings were, in this dreadful interval of suspense and apprehension, or the anxieties of her mind, till her Sister was restored to health.

FRANCES,

FRANCES, during her illness, had made a private vow to the *Blessed Virgin Mary*, that if she recovered, she would send some costly present to a chapel, which was consecrated to her, at a little port, called BRADSTOW or BROAD-STAIRS, in the Isle of Thanet (part of which chapel is at this day remaining); and in which, her image was esteemed to work such great miracles, that Pilgrims came from parts very remote, to visit it; and it was held in such veneration, that all ships passing within sight of it, are reported to have constantly lowered their top-sails, to salute it. And the feast of the Invention of the holy cross, which was the third day of May, being to be celebrated there, with great solemnity, her gratitude for her recovery, and for the supposed intercession of the *Virgin*, determined her to go herself at that time, and fulfil her vow.

ISABELLA obtained permission to accompany her Sister in this devout purpose; and the roads being little frequented in that age, and a horse almost the only conveyance, they resolved to put themselves, with two attendants, aboard a passage sloop, that usually went, at stated times from FEVERSHAM to BROAD-STAIRS, and other parts along the coast, between that place and the DOWNS.

They set sail in the evening, but had not been at sea above two hours, before a violent storm arose. Every one who is acquainted with the navigation of this coast, quite to the mouth of the THAMES knows how difficult it is rendered by reason, of the many flats, and banks of sand, that obstruct it.

The suddenness and fury of the storm, together with the thunder and lightning that accompanied it, threw a dismay amongst all the passengers; and the mariners, from the opposition of the wind and tide, were unable to direct the vessel. To pursue their course was impracticable; they therefore attempted to save themselves, by running in on the shore, at a little place called RECULVER (which is a small village though of great antiquity, situated on the border of the Isle of Thanet;) but the advance of night, and a thick fog, prevented them from discerning exactly, whereabouts they were. Every endeavour to reach the shore was frustrated by the storm driving them from it; and their sails being all shattered, a sudden swell of the sea, bore them quite out of their direction, and struck the vessel on a bank of sand, called the *Horse*, that lies a little off from RECULVER.

The surprize—the confusion—and the image of death, that must naturally rush into the minds of people,

people, who are on the point of being wrecked, can only be justly felt, or described, by those, who have stood in so dreadful a situation. Each one recommended himself to GOD, to his *Tutelar Saint*. The mariners hoisted out their long boat, as precipitately as they could; and that which most agitated the thoughts of FRANCES and ISABELLA, was, the mutual preservation of each other.

Scarce was the boat on the surface of the waves, when every one was eager to rush into it; for it was certain the vessel must bulge in a few hours, and, to add to the horror, night advanced. The Captain, almost by force, dragged the Lady Abbess, and her Sister, from the cabin, and scarce had he helped the first, half dead as she was, down the side of the ship, when those who were already in the boat, finding they must all perish, if more got in, pushed off instantly, and rowed towards shore, in spite of the menaces of the Captain, who stood on deck, supporting ISABELLA, the intreaties of the Abbess, who was wild to return, or the cries of the passengers left behind.

The only faint hope which now remained to those on board, was, that the vessel might possibly hold together, till some assistance could be obtain-

ed from the shore; which they still flattered themselves would come, in case the boat reach the land, which it providentially did, though with the utmost risk. Every one who remained in the vessel was resigned to their fate; and surrounded as ISABELLA was, by impending death, it afforded no small consolation to her, to think there was a possibility that her Sister had escaped.

It was four hours after the arrival of the boat, before any one durst venture out; when, the storm abating, with the departure of the tide, and the day being near drawing, a large boat put off to the wreck. When those who went to assist, got to it, they found all the people on board, refuged in different places beneath the deck, great part of which was broken away. ISABELLA had remained in the cabin; one side of which was also washed off, and the room half filled with water; she was almost exhausted, by the terrors she had sustained, the bruises she had received, and the extreme cold in which she had so long suffered. They led her with the utmost gentleness from this wretched place, while she, all pale, and trembling, scarcely comprehended at first what they were doing; yet life seemed to flush a new in her countenance, on hearing that her Sister was preserved.

As soon as they had brought her on shore, she was supported by several women, who were waiting to receive her; and conducted to the house where the Lady Abbess was. FRANCES, transported at the first sight of her Sister, ran out to meet ISABELLA, who, the moment she approached, made an effort to spring forward to her, but sunk down, overpowered, into the arms of her attendants. FRANCES clasped her hands, and in her eager joy would have uttered something, but could only faintly pronounce her name, and fell at her feet in a swoon.

ISABELLA was immediately put into bed, and received every assistance that could be procured; but her strength and spirits were so far exhausted, by the terror and fatigue, which her mind and body had undergone, and by remaining so many hours in water, that she lived but till the evening of the following day.

FRANCES, though still sinking from the shock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her Sister, her own sufferings. She never stirred from her bedside, and often accused herself, as being the fatal cause of all that had befallen her, by suffering her attendance in this expedition. ISABELLA chid her for thinking so, declaring,

declaring, it was the will of Heaven, to which she patiently submitted. "Though we came into the world together," says she "yet as we were not destined to perish together, a time must inevitably have come, when death would have dissolved our union. I rejoice that I am not the survivor. I die, where I have ever wished to live, in the arms of the most beloved of Sisters. Pray for the repose of my soul; and lay me in the tomb which you have allotted to be your own, that one grave may in death hold our Remains, who in life had but one heart."

The loss of Isabella plunged the Lady Abbess into that deep distress, which minds, formed like her's, with the noblest sentiments of tenderness, and benevolence, must, on such a trial, inevitably feel. She caused the body of her unfortunate Sister to be transported in solemnity, to their convent; where, after it had been exposed with accustomed rites, it was deposited with every mark of respect, in a vault, on one side of the shrine of St. Benedict, bedewed with tears of the most heart-felt sorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the Sisterhood.

When time and reflection had somewhat calmed her affliction, FRANCES failed not to transmit, by the

the hands of her Confessor (her Uncle the Abbot, having been sometime dead) her intended offering to the *Virgin of BROAD-STAIRS*, accompanied by a donation of twelve masses, to be said for the repose of ISABELLA'S soul. And soon after, to perpetuate the memory of her Sister, as well as to direct mariners in their course, that they might escape the sad calamity herself had so fatally experienced, she caused an ancient church that stood on a rising ground just above the village of RECULVER, and which was greatly fallen into decay, to be restored, and much enlarged, and erected *Two Spiral Towers* at the end thereof; the which she directed should be called THE SISTERS; and to this day it retains the name, and is a sea mark of great utility.

In less than seven years, the whole church was completed; which she endowed very liberally, by a grant out of her own fortune; and ordained, that there should be celebrated one solemn mass *on the first day* of every month (the wreck having happened on the *first of May*;) and that a perpetual litany should be sung, for the eternal peace of the departed ISABELLA.

She lived to see this her will executed, as well as to bestow many other charitable donations, not
only

only on the convent over which she presided, but on several other religious institutions; and was, from her amiable character, and pious example, beloved, and respected to the last hour of her life.

She survived ISABELLA eleven years, and died most sincerely, and deservedly lamented, towards the end of the year 1512.

Her remains pursuant to her own desire, were deposited by the side of those of her Sister, with all that solemnity due to her high rank, and office. A monument was erected near to the place, where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a cross, and beneath it, a plate of brass, recording their unshaken friendship.

Faithful,—congenial spirits! in whatsoever worlds ye reside, peace be your lot! as virtue was your portion here! Long, long may this memorial of your love remain! to guide the dubious vessel in its course, and make your names blest by the wanderers of the deep!



NO TRUE HAPPINESS

WITHOUT VIRTUE.

K NOW, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Compe-
 tence,

But Health consists in temperance alone;
 And Peace oh Virtue! Peace in all thy own,
 The good or bad, the gifts of fortune gain;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say in pursuit of profit or delight
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or
 right?

Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
 Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
 Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,
 One they must want, which is to pass for good,
 O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below
 Who fancy blis to Vice, to Virtue woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
 Best knows the blessings and will most be blest.
 But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.

What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
 There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
 God ſends not ill, if rightly underſtood,
 Or partial ill is univerſal Good,
 Or change admits, or nature lets it fall;
 Short and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
 Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
 Virtue alone, is happineſs below.
 The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
 And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only merit conſtant pay receives,
 Is bleſt in what it takes and what it gives;
 The joy unequal'd if its end it gain
 And if it loſe attended with no pain
 Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
 And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd
 Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
 And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
 Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.



Striking piece of History.

EDWARD the third, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, nightly erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the sickle into her second harvest since Edward with his victorious army sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission; but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcases of their starved cattle, they tore up old

foundations and rubbish in search of vermin. They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens, and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted a matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon Eustace St. Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue.

Eustace now found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward, the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty.

He

He answered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him their true and natural sovereign. That, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebians, provided they would deliver up six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had enflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and, like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with beating hearts the sentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed? whom had they to deliver save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence? To a long and deep silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded; till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly.

“ My friends, we are brought to great straits
this

this day, we must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery.

“Look about, you my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons, whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any here who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? who through the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries, a thousand times worse than death, that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction? You will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible.”

“Where then is our resource, is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other? there is, my Friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a God-like expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life; let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from
that

that Power, who offered up his only son for the salvation of mankind."

He spoke—but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution.

At length St. Pierre resumed—"It had been base in me, my fellow citizens to propose any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation which might attend a first offer, on so signal an occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be, however modesty and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits."

"Indeed, the station, to which the captivity of Lord Vienne has unhappily raised me, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes, I give it freely, I give it cheerfully, who comes next?"

Your Son! exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity.—"Ah my child! cried St. Pierre, I am,

I am, then twice sacrificed.—But, no—I have rather begotten thee a second time.—Thy years are few but full, my son! the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends?—This is the hour of heroes——Your kinsman, cried John de Aire! Your kinsman, cried James Wissant! Your kinsman, cried Peter Wissant!—Ah! exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, why was I not a citizen of Calais?

The sixth victim was still wanting but was quickly supplied, by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens with their families through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting, what a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city and was heard throughout the camp.

The

The English, by this time, were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation and their souls were touched with compassion; each of the soldiers prepared a portion of their own victuals to welcome & entertain the half famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length St. Pierre, and his fellow victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter, and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but revere, even in enemies. And they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the royal presence, Mauny! says the Monarch, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, says Mauny, they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if Virtue has any share in the act of ennobling. Were

they delivered peaceably, says Edward; was there no resistance, no commotion among the people? Not, in the least, my lord; the people would have perished rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an example equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter, but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. Experience, says he, hath ever shewn that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity at times, is indispensably necessary to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. Go, he cried to an officer, lead these men to execution: your rebellion, continued he, addressing himself to St. Pierre, your rebellion against me the natural heir of your crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.—We have nothing to ask of your Majesty, said Eustace, save what you cannot refuse us.—What is that?—Your esteem, my Lord, said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the Camp. The queen had just arrived

rived with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken their king captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. "My Lord, said she, the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects a matter, more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France; it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband and my King."

"You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward."

"They have behaved themselves worthily, they have behaved themselves greatly; I cannot but respect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor and indispenfible pardon."

"I admit they have deserved every thing that

is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and most efficacious of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have with-held from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desire, that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlasting glory and applause?"

"But if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours be tarnished thereby! Would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain? and the objects whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind? The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honour, but a stage of shame to Edward, a reproach to his conquests, a dark and indelible disgrace to his name."

"No, my Lord. Let us rather disappoint the saucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themse'ves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut
them

them short of their desires; in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to shame with praises; we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it so, cried Edward, prevent the execution; have them instantly before us!"

They came, when the queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them.

"Natives of France, and the inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to vast expence of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You noble burghers, you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains, we snatch you from the scaffold, and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you
teach

teach us, when you shew us that excellence is not of blood, of title or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those, whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions."

"You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem."

"Yet, we would rather bind you, to ourselves, by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."

"Ah, my Country, exclaimed St. Pierre, it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts."

"Brave St. Pierre, said the Queen, wherefore look you so dejected?—Ah madam! replied St. Pierre, when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day."

Pharaoh's Daughter.

FAST by the margin of her native flood,
 Whose fertile waters are well known to fame,
 Fair as the bord'ring flow'rs the princefs flood,
 And rich in bounty as the gen'rous stream.

When lo! a tender cry afflicts her ear,
 The tender cry declares an infant's grief;
 Soon she, who melted at each mortal's care,
 With tend'rest pity fought the babe's relief.

The babe adorn'd in beauty's early bloom,
 But to the last distress expos'd, appears,
 His infant softness pleads a milder doom,
 And speaks with all the eloquence of tears.

The kind Egyptian gaz'd upon his charms,
 And with compassion view'd the weeping child;
 She snatch'd the little Hebrew to her arms,
 And kiss'd the infant—the sweet infant smil'd.

Again she clasps him with a fond embrace,
 Yet more she pities the young stranger's woe;
 She wip'd the tears that hung upon his face,
 Her own the while in pious plenty flow.

Now, cruel father, thy harsh law I see,
 And feel that rigour which the Hebrews mourn;
 O! that I could reverse the dire decree,
 Which doom'd the babe a wretch as soon as born!

But

But that, alas! exceeds my slender pow'r—
 And must this tender innocent be slain?
 Poor harmless babe! born in a luckless hour,
 Yet sweet as ever sooth'd a mother's pain.

Must thou, poor undeserving infant, die?
 No! in my bosom ev'ry danger shun;
 A princess shall thy parents loss supply
 And thou art worthy to be call'd her son.

ON

Parental Indulgence.

THE love of progeny seems to operate as strongly in the brute creation as in the human species, during the helpless age of immaturity. The guidance of instinct, indeed, as it is more decisively determinate, seems to bring up an offspring with less deviation from the purposes of nature, than the superior faculty of reason. The greater acuteness of reason leads to hesitation, and involves in error, while it is distracted by the variety of objects it assembles for its choice. The bird never injures its young by repletion. The young, indeed, of few animals, when left to the
 care

care of the parent, without the interference of man, is found to perish. But it is well known how large a proportion of children die under the age of two years, in our metropolis. The cause is in general the neglect of nature for the aids of art, proceeding from a degree of fondness which stimulates the parent to take all the care upon herself, and to leave little to the invisible process of natural energies. If the child survive by the vigour of its constitution to a puerile age, even then the fondness of the parent, most amiable in its origin, but most injurious to the object it most wishes to benefit, is found to destroy the very purpose of living, by endeavouring to render life pleasurable to excess, and without vicissitude. If his absence can be so far borne as to permit him to enter at a school, an earnest desire is expressed that he may be indulged in all those luxuries of the table which pollute the pure stream of the infant blood, and by overloading the organs of intellect, preclude the possibility of solid improvement. He, whose attention should be engrossed by his book, and who should learn to look on every pleasure of the senses as a subordinate pleasure, is taught by the overweening attachment of a parent, to have little other care than to pamper the grossest among the animal appetites.

Regularity of diet, and modest decency in all the circumstances of scholastic life, are often represented as the result of a too penurious œconomy; and the young pupil no sooner returns, in the days of vacation, to his paternal roof, than he is crammed with delicacies, to compensate the penance he has undergone at the place of his education. We can derive but little improvement from the teacher we condemn. Yet how can the boy avoid contempt for the master, whom he is taught to consider as totally regardless of any thing but his own sordid interest, and capable of depriving the child committed to his care of his proper sustenance? But they who are sensible in other respects, are rendered, by their fondness weak enough to believe any calumny which a froward child utters for the sake of changing his place of education, or of remaining at home.

The propensity to indulgence is so strong, that at the maturest age, and with the most improved reason, it is difficult to restrain it within the limits of moderation. To encourage, instead of checking this natural tendency, is, in effect, to nurse those vices of the future youth, and to cause those excesses of early manhood, which in the end hasten the grey hairs of the inconsiderate parent with sorrow to the grave. Few would be profligate

gate in the extreme, if they were not untaught all the virtue they learn under their tutors, by the example and inadvertence of their own family. When immorality is obliquely recommended by a father's practice, the infection is irresistible. A tutor's admonitions are soon supposed to proceed merely from official care, when they contradict the conduct of him whom a child naturally loves above all others.

The general custom of allowing a considerable weekly stipend, and of giving pecuniary presents to the school-boy, often frustrates the intentions of education. It is not likely that he should give his thoughts to literary improvement, who is obliged to study how he shall spend the bounty of his aunts and cousins; and whose pocket always enables him to find recreation without seeking it in books. It would be happy if things could be so contrived, that, for want of employment, he should be driven to those volumes where employment of the sweetest kind may be always found, attended with the most valuable advantages. A profusion of money at a childish age is not uncommonly the cause of subsequent extravagance, and tends to introduce one of the most pernicious and least curable vices,—a propensity to gaming. But reasoning can avail little against the partiality of some

fond relations, who cannot suffer present pleasure to be neglected by her favourite for the sake of an advantage which is distant and uncertain.

It is usually supposed that maternal affection is stronger than paternal.

There is no doubt but that it often interposes in adjusting the plan of education. Its kind solitude is too amiable to be censured with asperity. Yet we must assert, that it is not possible that a mother, though sensible and accomplished, should be so well qualified to direct the care of a boy's education in all its parts, as a father of equal abilities. All the important departments in civil life are filled by men. The pulpit, the bar, the senate-house, are appropriated to men. Men, from the facility with which they travel, and their superior hardiness, see more of the world than women, who, with the same opportunities, might indeed make the same observations; but who, in the present state of things, cannot judge of those qualifications, attainments, manners, and characters, which recommend to notice in all the professions of life, and tend to insure success. Hence it is that they are observed to set the highest value on ornamental accomplishments, of the grace of which their fine taste is peculiarly sensible; and to undervalue the more solid attainments, with the utility
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and beauty of which their situation, often keeps them unacquainted. Many a fond and sensible mother has controverted the necessity of learning Latin, as a dead language, in which there can be no use, while the living languages of France and Italy are more easily attainable, and infinitely more fashionable. Such a judgment is not to be wondered at; nor does it proceed from natural weakness, but from an unavoidable unacquaintance with the charms of the classics; and the utility of Latin in the practice of every liberal art, in the conversation of the enlightened, and in the study of the most admired modern books, which abound in Latin quotations, in allusions to the classics, and in words which cannot be fully understood without understanding the language from which they are derived. Add to this, that the extreme tenderness of maternal affection will not permit that strict discipline to be exercised on a beloved son, which, though it has nothing in it of harsh severity, resembles not the soft and indulgent treatment of the mother or nurse. Scarcely any thing of value is brought to perfection without some care analogous to this scholastic discipline. The tree will not produce its fruits in sufficient abundance, or with a proper flavour, unless it is chastised in its luxuriations by the hand of art. It is requisite that the stubborn soil should
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be broken by cultivation. The most serviceable animals are either useless or hurtful, till reduced to obedience by coercion. Man, above all, possessed as he is of stronger powers and acuter perceptions, of ill qualities no less than good, in a superior degree, requires all the aids of art to correct his enormities, and teach him to act a rational and consistent part in the theatre of the world.

Although the infliction of salutary discipline may give pain even to those who know it to be salutary, yet they must not, for the sake of sparing their own feelings, act in contradiction to their judgment, and do an irreparable injury to those whom they most tenderly love. Excessive lenity and indulgence is ultimately excessive rigour.

With the excellent effects of Spartan discipline, every one is acquainted. Of the lamentable consequences of modern relaxation, daily experience furnishes examples. The puerile age is patient and tractable. Reformation must begin there. Temperance, diligence, modesty, and humility, cannot be too early inculcated. These will lead through the temple of virtue to the temple of honour and happiness. In this progress, strict discipline will sometimes be necessary; but let not
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the pretence of proper correction give an opportunity for the gratification of vindictive cruelty. Inhumanity, even in a Busby, admits not of palliation.

ANECDOTE

OF

Dr. BARROWBY.

AT the time of the great contested election for Representatives of the City and Liberty of Westminster, in 1749, when Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were Candidates, the late Dr. Barrowby greatly interested himself in favour of the latter, who was put up to oppose the Court-Party. At this period he had, for some weeks, attended the noted Joe Weatherby, master of the Ben Johnson's Head, in Russel-street, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the Doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing that gentleman's attachment, had frequently expressed her uneasiness, that her dear Joe could not get up and vote for her good friend Lord Trentham. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were used on both
sides

sides to obtain the suffrages of the people, the Doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants. "Hey-day! What's the cause of this?" exclaimed Barrowby. "Why would you get out of bed without my direction?" "Dear Doctor," says poor Joe, in broken accents, "I am going to poll." "To poll!" replies the Doctor, with some warmth (supposing he was of the same opinion with his fair rib,) "going to the Devil, you mean! Why, do you know, that the cold air may destroy you? Get to bed, man, get to bed as fast as you can, or immediate death may ensue." "Oh! if that is the case, Sir," returns the patient, in a feeble voice, "to be sure I must act as you advise me; but I love my country, Sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to seize this opportunity to go to Covent-Garden church, and vote for Sir George Vandeput." "How, Joe! for Sir George!" "Yes, Sir: I wish him heartily well." "Do you?" says the medical politician. Hold! nurse, don't pull off his stockings again. Let me feel his pulse. Hey! very well; a good firm stroke. Egad, this will do. You took the pills I ordered last night?" "Yes, Doctor; but they made me very sick." "Aye, so much the better. How did your master sleep nurse?" "Oh, charmingly, Sir." "Did he? Well,

Well, if his mind be uneasy about this election, he must be indulged. Diseases of the mind greatly affect those of the body. Come, come, throw a great coat or a blanket about him. It is a fine day: but the sooner he goes, the better; the sun will be down very early. Here, here, lift him up. Agad! a ride will do him good. He shall go with me to the hustings in my chariot." The Doctor was directly obeyed, and poor Joe Weatherby was carried in the chariot to the place of poll, where he gave his voice according to his conscience, amidst the acclamations of the people; and, two hours after his physical friend had left him at his own house, absolutely departed this life, and the Doctor was loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the Court-Party.

T O R E L I G I O N.

HAIL, sacred Goddess! offspring of the skies!
How dost thou sink each vice, each virtue
rise;

Dispel the clouds that overspread the mind,
And bid the thoughts aspire to bliss refin'd—

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unmingled

Unmingled happiness, sincere delight—
 While earthly joys diminish on the sight.
 My soul's high powers supine and torpid lay,
 Till rous'd to life by thine efficient ray;
 But now celestial light my breast pervades,
 And sin looks black as the infernal shades;
 Dark Ignorance and Error take their flight,
 As fly at morn's approach, the shades of night.
 MESSIAH bright and amiable appears:
 Burns my glad heart! and all my soul reverest!

Adversity useful to the Acquisition of Knowledge.

AS daily experience makes it evident that misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor escaped by flight; neither awed by greatness, nor eluded by obscurity; philosophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to mend, by persuading us that most of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverseness, and that nature has annexed to every vicissitude of external circumstances,

cumstances, some advantage sufficient to overbalance all its inconveniences.

This attempt may perhaps be justly suspected of resemblance to the practice of physicians, who, when they cannot mitigate pain, destroy sensibility, and endeavour to conceal by opiates the inefficacy of their other medicines. The panegyrists of calamity have more frequently gained applause to their wit, than acquiescence to their arguments; nor has it appeared that the most musical oratory or subtle ratiocination has been able long to overpower the anguish of oppression, the tediousness of langour, or the longings of want.

Yet it may be generally remarked, that where much has been attempted, something has been performed; though the discoveries or acquisitions of man are not always adequate to the expectations of his pride, they are at least sufficient to animate his industry. The antidotes with which philosophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it salubrity and sweetness, have at least allayed its bitterness and tempered its malignity; the balm which she drops upon the wounds of the mind abates their pain, though it cannot heal them.

By suffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we secure ourselves from vain and immoderate dis-

quiet; we preserve for better purposes that strength which would be unprofitably wasted in wild efforts of desperation, and maintain that circumspection which may enable us to seize every support and improve every alleviation. This calmness will be more easily obtained, as the attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingled unabated evil, and diverted to those accidental benefits which prudence may confer on every state.

Seneca has attempted not only to pacify us in misfortune, but almost to allure us to it, by representing it as necessary to the pleasures of the mind. *He that never was acquainted with adversity, says he, has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature.* He invites his pupil to calamity as the Syrens allured the passengers to their coasts, by promising that they shall return with increase of knowledge, with enlarged views, and multiplied ideas.

Curiosity is, in great and generous minds, the first passion and the last; and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative faculties. He who easier comprehends all that is before him, and soon exhausts any single subjects, is always eager for new enquiries; and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wid-

er prospect, it must be gratified with variety, by more rapid flights and bolder excursions; nor perhaps can there be proposed to those who have been accustomed to the pleasures of thought, a more powerful incitement to any undertaking, than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reason.

When *Jason*, in *Valerius Flaccus*, would incline the young prince *Acastus* to accompany him in the first essay of navigation, he disperses his apprehensions of danger by representations of the new tracts of earth and heaven which the expedition would spread before his eyes; and tells him with what grief he will hear, at their return, of the countries which they shall have seen, and the toils which they have surmounted.

Acastus was soon prevailed upon by his curiosity to set rocks and hardships at defiance, and commit himself to the winds; and the same motives have in all ages had the same effect upon those whom the desire of fame or wisdom has distinguished from the lower orders of mankind.

If therefore it can be proved that distress is necessary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy situation hides from us so large a part of
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the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the sight of affluence and splendor will be much diminished; for such is the delight of mental superiority, that none on whom nature or study have conferred it, would purchase the gifts of fortune by its loss.

It is certain, that however the rhetorick of *Seneca* may have dressed adversity with extrinſick ornaments, he has juſtly repreſented it as affording ſome opportunities of obſervation, which cannot be found in continual ſucceſs; he has truly aſſerted, that to eſcape miſfortune is to want inſtruction, and that to live at eaſe is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happineſs without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is neceſſary to a juſt ſenſe of better fortune; for the good of our preſent ſtate is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be ſufficient to diſturb and harraſs him, if he does not know how much he eſcapes. The luſtre of diamonds is invigorated by the interpoſition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the ſhades. The higheſt pleaſure which nature has indulged to ſenſitive perception, is that of reſt after fatigue; yet that ſtate which labour heightens into delight,
is

is of itself only ease, and is incapable of satisfying the mind without the super-addition of diversified amusements.

Prosperity, as is truly asserted by *Seneca*, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimation of his own powers by unactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned. *He that traverses the list without an adversary, may receive, says the philosopher, the reward of victory, but he has no pretensions to the honour;* If it be the highest happiness of man to contemplate himself with satisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own conscience; he whose courage has made way amidst the turbulence of opposition, and whose vigour has broken through the snares of distress, has many advantages over those that have slept in the shades of indolence, and whose retrospect of time can entertain them with nothing but day rising upon day, and year gliding after year.

Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and affections

affections of mankind. Princes; when they would know the opinions or grievances of their subjects, find it necessary to steal away from guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have the power of doing good or harm, nothing is shown in its natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reasonings determined by his opinions, whatever can alarm suspicion, or excite resentment, is carefully suppressed, and nothing appears but uniformity of sentiments and ardour of affection.

It may be observed that the unvaried complaisance which ladies have the right of exacting, keeps them generally unskilled in human nature; prosperity will always enjoy the female prerogatives, and therefore must be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is scarcely to be heard, but by those from whom it can serve no interest to conceal it.



Anecdote of Dr. KING.

DR. KING, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper-sauce; but the doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above pickles reserved dry for his own use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him: I here present you, my lords and gentlemen, said he; with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, *That you saw an archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher.*

Z E A L.

A

V I S I O N.

THERE never was a word more mistaken than Zeal.

To this idol have been sacrificed thousands and ten thousands. It delights and sports itself in human

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man

man victims, like Moloch. As an angel of darkness, it deals murders, plagues, and famine around; and, with the venomous malignity of a basilisk, kills whatever it looks upon.

This monster hath turned the most fertile plains into barren wildernesses, depopulated large and mighty cities, and totally effaced the image of the Creator through several parts of the eastern world. Zeal, abstracted from charity, is the wild enthusiasm of a distemper'd brain, or the infernal rage of an abandoned hypocrite.

While I was ruminating on this subject, I fell asleep, and to the above reflections I attribute the following vision—

Methought I was on a sudden transported into a distant country, the air of which was very thick and heavy, so that the whole region appeared to be involved in a large cloud. I had not been there long, before a beautiful being met me, and accosted me with the question—"how I came hither?" My reply hath escaped my memory. But my fair guide, without farther interrogations, led me towards a large structure, which she informed me was the temple of Zeal.

As we passed along, we took notice of vast armies,

mies, which encompassed us on all sides. The colour of their cloaths was the deepest scarlet that I had ever beheld. Their swords, which were always drawn, were reeking with the blood of those whom they had encountered.

Thus we advanced towards the middle of the country. As we drew nearer to the temple, the air grew so thick, and the whole atmosphere was so dark, that the building seemed entirely situated in the very shades of night. The building was illuminated with a small taper, which cast an additional gloom and horror around the place. Instead of foliages, and other decorations, usual at the entrance of large edifices, there were carved the figures of human skulls, and other bones; so that the external ornaments resembled the appearances of a sepulchre. At the farther end of the temple, we descried the female to whom it belonged. She was seated upon a throne of ebony, and arrayed in deep mourning. Her face was pale, and much emaciated, occasioned by long vigils, and unremitted industry in her attention to her engagements. Her eyes and hands were lifted upwards, and she seemed to be actuated by the most fervent devotion. On her right-hand stood Superstition, dressed in the habit of a nun, and was her prime-minister of state, from whom she received all her

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intelligence.

intelligence. On her left appeared a hideous phantom, called Death: in one hand was lightning, and in the other a scythe.

After having taken a sufficient survey of this scene of terrors, I desired my leader to conduct me back, with which request she immediately complied; and entertained me as we passed along, with suitable reflections upon what I had seen. I was very desirous to know the lady by whom I had been so highly obliged, when a fortunate incident occurred, which introduced me into the whole secret.

There advanced towards us a tribe of nymphs, whose charms were too many and too great for the description of the pen; each held in her hand a golden harp. Their eyes are strong and sparkling, and at the same time tempered with a peculiar softness. Their hair flowed upon their shoulders in graceful ringlets; and when they spoke, musick issued from their tongues. No sooner had their president, who was the goddess Harmony, attended by the liberal arts and sciences, paid her respects to my conductor, than she immediately threw off her disguise: when, lo! all on a sudden, the mists and clouds were dispelled; the day broke in upon us, and the sun shone in all its meridian

ridian glory. Whereupon I turned myself, to notice what was become of the scene which I had so lately beheld; when, to my great surprize and pleasure, the spot where the temple stood was converted into a verdant hill, covered with flocks of sheep, whose fleeces emulated the whiteness of snow; while the plains below were beautifully divided into regular inclosures, and stocked with vast herds of cattle. Instead of the cries of the miserable, our ears were entertained with the bleatings of sheep, the lowings of oxen, the sweet murmurs of rivulets, and the melodious warblings of nightingales! I was then turning towards my guide, who instantly vanished from my sight; but, by the appellation which the nymphs gave her, I learnt that she was the Goddess Liberty, the Genius of Great Britain!

T H E

Necessity of early Amendment.

TO retain ideas, and compare their impressions, is the peculiar and distinguishing attribute of man. Hence arises his superiority over the other beings of the animal creation. Hence
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he is enabled to judge of futurity, and to lay down for his conduct through life, a rational system of action. Possessed of the power of anticipating possibilities by a reference to experience, he can resist any momentary impulse; and amid a variety of objects, which equally solicit and distract his attention, he can select those which he calculates will ultimately be pursued with success and enjoyed with satisfaction. Here then is displayed an extensive field for the exertion of virtuous inclination. Here, it should seem, protected by those powers of reason, which guide and direct it, virtue might triumph over every obstacle which opposed, and every snare which impeded its progress. Powerful, however, as are the temptations, which from every side assail human nature, and unequal as is frequently the force of their rational faculties to a vigorous opposition, the best men are sometimes overcome when they imagine themselves prepared by previous resolutions for any conflict whatever.

The irresolution or weakness of a moment may defeat the accumulated wisdom, or transgress the established rules of years. No man can preserve himself exempt from error, when it is the fate of every one to fail. All our caution, and all our determinations, the rigour of philosophy, and the security of habit, are equally liable to be surprised

fed by the occasional lapses and infirmities of humanity. This, we own is a distressing, and in some measure, a mortifying picture of man. But let it not discourage the efforts or abate the perseverance of the virtuous. Estimated as it must be by our natural frailty, that conduct cannot be called a decidedly vicious one, which consists only in occasional transgression, and temporary error. Sin, we know, unless its sum be enormous, or its quality in an extraordinary degree flagitious, may be expiated by repentance; and single actions of inadvertence and imprudence, if they are followed by reflections of sorrow, and endeavors to rectify their effects, cannot receive a deep tinge of moral turpitude, or overbalance the merits of life in its general view honest and useful. Let it, however, not be supposed, that in palliating the guilt of inconsiderate or occasional errors, we would justify, as trivial and pardonable, the recurrent fluctuations of levity and caprice. Systematick regularity, and stable principle are as necessary to the welfare of society, as to the character of the individual. Without them men could have no dependence on the faith of each other. There could, indeed, be neither virtue nor order in the world. Violations of rectitude, we know, repeatedly committed, and slightly regarded, gradually reconcile the mind to a total alienation; and since vice so frequently assumes

sumes the appearance of virtue, and conceals itself in disguises the most difficult to be discovered, consistency of conduct is in truth the only test of integrity which can satisfy the doubts of suspicions, and secure the confidence of the distrustful. The distinction, then, is obvious and plain. The man, whose life is a continued series of irregularities and inconsistencies, we abandon as an irreclaimable, and despise as a worthless character. Aware, on the other hand, of the unavoidable frailties of our nature, we must not magnify as unpardonable and irreparable, every petty transgression and trifling deviation: we must not preclude, by representing them as useless, the benefits of reformation nor discourage, by exaggerating every defect, the ardour of virtue. Venial, therefore, as must be considered the natural errors of humanity, they are only so far venial, as they are forsaken on reflection, and thought on with remorse. We may plead as excusable the irresistible propensities of our constitution, or we may alledge as insufficient for the attainment of perfection the powers of reason; but no constitutional weakness can justify intentional depravity, nor any but the wilfully blind or incorrigibly corrupt affirm, that they are ignorant of the commission of a crime, or incapable of relinquishing the pursuit of it. It is no necessary inference, that because a man cannot secure himself from
vice,

vice, he may live without virtue; and because, however constant and watchful be his vigilance, he cannot but incur some fault, he is not bound to extricate himself from its dominion. Vice in its course is naturally progressive. But it is in every man's power, and therefore it is every man's duty, on first setting out, to abandon a course of which he foresees the miserable end. To be ever in some measure imperfect, and in some degree culpable, is the effect of a physical weakness in our constitution; but to be absolutely irreclaimable depends on our misconduct, on our obstinacy in not correcting the influence, or our own blindness in not foreseeing the consequences of the first advances towards an erroneous mode of life.

ANECDOTE

OF

SULLY and HENRY the FOURTH.

IN spite of the superiority of Sully's talents, and the purity of his intentions, this great minister was ever harrassed by calumnies and misrepresentations. Many of them were studiously related to Henry, who occasionally mentioned them

to him, and heard in what manner he defended himself. Once, after a conversation of three hours on subjects like these, he embraced Sully at coming out of his antichamber before all his court, and said, "I esteem you as the best and most innocent man that ever was, as well as the most loyal and the most useful servant I ever possessed." Then turning round to some of Sully's enemies who were present, he added, "I wish earnestly to let you all know, that I love Sully better than ever, and that death alone can dissolve my esteem for him."

MELANCHOLY.

AMID the calm, sequester'd shade,
 Sad Melancholy wanders still;
 Or, pensive, droops the chearless maid,
 Beside the silver, purling rill.

Where silence holds her placid sway,
 Scarce interrupted by the stream;
 Or e'en the sigh, that heaves its way,
 From nurs'd Affliction's troubled dream:

Where

Where fall'n the sculptors pride is seen,
 The moss rob'd pillars worn remains;
 And mould'ring Grandeur's fullen mein,
 Derides the skilful artist's pains :

Where, emblematic, fall the bough
 Of drooping Sorrow's favoured tree;
 And warm devotion breathes her vow,
 Beneath the veil of secrecy :

Where Pity weeps o'er Folly's train,
 And Mirth forgets his mad career;
 Where Love dare venture to complain,
 And Superstition bows to Fear :

Where rarely, on the verdant way,
 The footstep's form appears imprest;
 There whither oft I've wished to stray,
 Where none my musings might molest!

In pensive thoughts abstracted guise,
 To brood o'er Disappointment's reign;
 Hope's pleasing wish to realize,
 In Fancy's light ideal train!

For Melancholy's mournful reign,
 And sensibility's soft pow'r,
 Produce a pleasure, oft, from pain,
 And milder make the plaintive hour.

DEATH.

DEATH is inevitable: it closes the human existence, and opens the boundless prospects of eternity. How awful, how sublime, and interesting, is this most important of all subjects to man! and yet how few reflect on the uncertainty of life, the instability of all sublunary possessions; or soberly, deliberately, and attentively, consider how absolutely necessary it is to be prepared for that resistless moment that consigns humanity to its kindred dust, that unfetters the soul for trial before the solemn tribunal of Heaven, and either crowns it with a blessed immortality, with joy, and felicity supreme, or envelopes it in consummate misery for ever! Incessant contemplation, however, on this great event, is not required, because it might embitter all the sweets of life, impose gloomy despondency, incapacitate for business, or damp the energy of the intellectual powers; and, therefore, Providence has wisely gifted every individual with many pleasurable sensations and reflections, which often recur, and which tend very powerfully to dissipate sorrow, and sweeten enjoyment. Nevertheless, meditation should be frequent, and always truly sincere; and thence might reasonably be expected every thing exalted
in

in religion, or graceful in morals. It would without doubt, be instrumental, also, in counteracting evil propensities; and act as a prevailing incentive to serious consideration, and the regulation of the conduct and disposition, in the eye of Reason and of Heaven, to whatever is pious, and amiable, and meritorious.

Let it be remembered, that neither age nor rank, neither power nor riches, neither strength, nor beauty, nor goodness, can exempt frail human nature from the appointed visitation. All must tread the gloomy path of death, all must "travel through this vale of darkness," to their destined home, within the pale of eternity. Sometimes Death, that ravening wolf, assails the man whose hoary head and silver locks bespeak the approaching change; sometimes the aged mother; sometimes the young, dutiful, and promising son; sometimes the beautiful, amiable and youthful daughter; or the smiling and engaging infant; are suddenly torn from the fond embrace of affectionate relatives. While visionary scenes, perhaps, of expected felicity and future benefits promised apparent success, and a reciprocity of genuine esteem prompted to aspire to subsequent delight. Death dissolves the promised happiness, and inexorably commands the airy schemes of human contrivance

to

to vanish into air. So uncertain, indeed, are the enjoyments of this life, that little dependence need be placed on their continuance; and yet how eagerly do we press forward in the pursuit of happiness, as if it was an object of all others the most easy to be attained! But, alas! real felicity, unmixed with calamitous or painful incidents, is not here within the grasp of any mortal; it buds, and ripens to perfection, in the garden of Paradise only; where it remains, ever pure and unalloyed, to sweeten and exalt the great, inexhaustible, and unspeakable joys of heaven.

Philosophy, likewise, may contend for the dignity of man: it may lay down maxims for prudence of conduct, and relief in adversity; but its apothegms must eventually prove ineffectual and unsatisfactory. Christianity alone offers the strongest and most permanent support, as well as the most rational consolation: it is this that has brought "life and immortality to light;" it is this that has stood the test of all ages and all experience, and assuredly will be, at every trying conjuncture, in the hour of painful visitation, of unfortunate vicissitudes, in all seasons, and on all occasions, a balm of the most sovereign efficacy, of the sweetest comfort, and the best satisfaction.

In the heathen world, such satisfaction, comfort, and delight, were unknown. Involved in
primeval

primeval uncertainty, the researches of mankind after truth must necessarily have been vague and inconclusive. Before the dignity of the Saviour of the world, and the establishment of his ever sacred and ever-blessed Gospel— which, it cannot be denied, abounds in the sublimest and most interesting precepts. Man was led to worship in error, and err through ignorance: but now thank Heaven, there is a wide difference; and no one, surely, who retains his senses, and is open to the impressions of Divine Love, will for a moment doubt of the truths of a Revelation, or wander in the barren mazes of dark mythology for things divine, immutable, and immortal.

As this is a subject of the utmost consequence, I shall conclude this essay with the admirable and affecting reflections of an unknown author, which I once met with in a periodical miscellany. They are, in my opinion peculiarly appropriate and important, and well deserve the attention and remembrance of *me*, of *you*, of *all*.

“ It is too commonly found,” says he, “ that a familiarity with death, and a frequent recurrence of funerals, graves, and church-yards, serves to harden, rather than humanize the mind; and to deaden, rather than arouse, those becoming reflections, which such objects seems excellently calculated

calculated to produce. Hence the physician enters without the least emotion, the gloomy chambers of expiring life; the undertaker handles without concern the clay-cold limbs; and the sexton whistles, unappalled, while his spade casts forth from the earth the mingled bones and dust of his fellow-creatures. And, alas! how often have I felt, with indignant reluctance, my wandering heart engaged in other speculations, when called to minister at the grave, and to consign to the tomb the ashes of my fellow-creatures!

“ Yet nothing teacheth like Death: and though, perhaps, the business of life would grow torpid, and the strings of activity be loosed, were men continually hanging over the meditation—yet assuredly, no man should fail to keep the great object in view—and seasonably to reflect, that the important moment is coming, when he too must mingle with his kindred clay; when he too must appear before God’s awful judgment-seat; when he too must be adjudged by a fixed, an irrecoverable, an immutable decree!

“ As I entered the church yard—

“ Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap;

where—

“ Each in his narrow cell for ever laid;”

so many of my friends, my neighbours, my fellow-creatures, lie mouldering into dust: struck with the slow and solemn sound of the deep-toned bell, and particularly impressed with the afflicting circumstances of his death; whose obsequies I was waiting to perform, I found the involuntary tear rush from mine eyes, and the unbidden sigh heave in my labouring bosom.

“ And, O Death! mighty conqueror! “ I could not forbear saying, in the silence of unaffected meditation: “ O Death! how terrible, how wonderful, thou art! Here I stand full of life; health smiling on my cheek, and sparkling in my eye, my active feet ready to bear me briskly along, and my hands prompt to execute their appointed office: scenes of pleasing felicity are before me; the comforts of domestic serenity dwell securely around me; and my busy soul is planning future improvements of happiness and peace. But the moment is coming, perhaps is near, when life’s feeble pulse shall play no longer, these eyes no more sparkle, nor this cheek glow with health; that pale as the shroud that invests me, and those closed with the lids to unclothe and awaken no more; the feet shall decline their function, and the useless hands fall heavily down by my side. Farewel, then, all the engaging, endearing

endearing, scenes before me! dear wife of my bosom; my children, sweet pledges of love, and nearer than the strings that hold my heart! my best loved friends shall then weep tenderly over me; and my thinking, restless, busy soul, at length know repose, and be anxious no more!"

"It is fixed; and all the powers on earth can neither arrest, nor avert, the sure, unerring dart! But with consummate wisdom, the great Lord of the world hath wrapped up the important moment in impenetrable darkness from human view; that, from the cradle, we might have the solemn object before us, and act as men, because as men we must die!

"Let me not, then, labour to divert the improving speculation; but advance still nearer, and see if I can learn what it is to die."

"To die!—O you, my friends, amidst whose graves I now am wandering; you who, not long since, like me, trod over this region of mortality, and drank the golden day: with you, the bitterness is past; you have tasted what that is, which so much perplexes the human thought, of which we all know so little, and yet of which we all must know so much! O could ye inform me what it is to die! could ye tell me what it is to breath the
last

last sad gasp, what are the sensations of the last convulsion, of the last pang of disrupting nature! O could ye tell me how the soul issues from the lifeless dwelling which it hath so long inhabited; what unknown worlds are discovered to its view; how it is affected with the alarming prospect; how it is affected with the remembrance and regard of things left here below! O could ye tell me—But, alas! how vain the wish! clouds and darkness rest upon it; and nothing but experience must be allowed to satisfy these anxious researches of mortals!

“ Yet, let us not forbear these researches; or, at least, not relinquish the interesting view: for what can be of equal importance to man, destined as he is inevitably to tread the path of Death? What of equal importance to examine, as whither that path leads, and how it may be too successful? What of equal importance, for a pilgrim of a day to contemplate, as that great event which must open to him an unending, unalterable state!

“ All men must tread that gloomy path. “ *It is appointed for all men once to die.*” Adam’s curse is upon all his posterity. Dust they are, and to dust they must return. But whither leads that gloomy path? Alas! in the heathen world, with what a bewildered mind they sought the resolution of that question! Death, indeed, was

dreadful in such circumstances; for, if we want the glad hope of immortality to cheer our departing hour, what affliction can even be conceiv'd more afflicting than death and dissolution, separation from all we hold dear on earth, and perfect annihilation from all future expectances?

“ Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel; and the question is answered clearly from that sacred book, whence alone we can gain information on this point—“ *Once to die, and after that be judged. We must all stand before the judgment Seat of Christ!*” O my soul, how awful the reflection! Can any thing more be wanting to inspire thee with the most serious purposes, and most devout resolves, than the certainty of death, the assurance of judgment, the knowledge of immortality?

“ *And after death be judged!*” Tell me no more of the pangs of death, and the torment of corporeal sufferance! What, what is this, and all the evils of life's contracted span, to the things which follow after? This it is, indeed, which makes Death truly formidable; which should awaken every solemn reflection, and stimulate every rational endeavour.

To be judged! To be sentenced, by an irreversible decree, to an allotment eternal and unchangeable!

able! an allotment of consummate felicity, or consummate distress!

“ O Immortality! how much doth the thought of thee debase in their value every earthly enjoyment, every earthly pursuit and possession! and shew man to himself in a point of view that amply discovers his true business on earth; that amply discovers the true dignity of his nature; and forcibly reproves his wretched attachment to sublunary things!

“ And methinks, as if a voice were speaking from yonder grave—I hear a solemn whisper to my soul!

“ Every grave proclaims thy own mortality! Child of the dust, be humble, and grow wise! a few days since, like thee I flourished in the fair field of the earthly world! a few days since, I was cut down like a flower, and my body lies withering in this comfortless bed! Regardless of God, and inattentive to duty, I passed gaily along, and thought no storm would ever over-cloud my head! In a moment, the unexpected tempest arose. I sunk, and was lost! Go thy way, and forget not thyself; remember that, to-day, thou hast life in thy power; to-morrow, perhaps, thou mayest be a breathless corpse; estimate from thence the value, poor and small, of all things beneath the sun; and
forget

forget not, that death and eternity are by an indissoluble band united. If thou darest to die, and unprepared meet thy God, most wretched of beings, who can enough deplore thy misery! Everlasting anguish, remorse, and punishment assuredly await thee! But if, bearing futurity in mind, thou art so blessed as to live in conformity to the law of thy nature, and the gospel of thy God, the Saviour of mankind hath opened the golden doors of perennial bliss for thee; and eternal delight, from the full river of God's inexhausted love, remains to reward thy faithful services.

“ Mortal, be wise! Remember judgement, and learn to die!”

“ *Memento Mori!*”

A N E C D O T E

OF

Mr. LEE.

WHEN Lee was Manager at Edinburgh, he was determined to improve upon thunder, and so having procured a parcel of nine pound shot, they were put into a wheel-barrow, to which he affixed an octagon wheel. This done, ridges were

were placed at the back of the stage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle this wheelbarrow so filled, backwards and forwards over these ridges. The play was Lear, and really in the two efforts the thunder had a good effect. At length as the King was braving the "pelting of the pitiless storm," the thunderer's foot slipped and down he came wheelbarrow and all. The stage being on a declivity, the balls made their way towards the orchestra, and meeting with but a feeble resistance from the scene, laid it flat upon its face. This storm was more difficult for Lear to stem than the one he had before complained of. The balls taking every direction, he was obliged to skip about to avoid them like the man who dances the egg hornpipe. The fiddlers, in alarm for their catgut, hurried out of the orchestra, and to crown this scene of glorious confusion, the sprawling thunderer lay prostrate in sight of the audience, like another Salmoneus.

THE

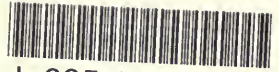
The KNOWLEDGE of GOD

NATURAL to MAN.

THAT gracious pow'r, who from his kindred
 clay,
 Bids man arise to tread the realms of day,
 Implants a guide, and tells what will fulfil
 His word, or what's repugnant to his will.
 The author of our being marks so clear,
 That none, but those who will be blind can err;
 Or wherefoe'er we turn th' attentive eyes,
 Proofs of a God on every side arise.
 Nature, a faithful mirror, stands to shew
 God, in his works, disclos'd to human view.
 Whate'er exists beneath the crystal floods,
 Or cuts the liquid air, or haunts the woods;
 The various flow'rs that spread th' enamel'd mead,
 Each plant, each herb, or even the grafs we tread,
 Displays omnipotence : None else could form
 The vilest weed, or animate a worm.
 Or view the livid wonders of the sky,
 What hands suspends those pond'rous orbs on high?
 The comet's flight, the planets mystic dance!
 Are these the works of providence, or chance?
 Themselves declare that universal cause,
 Who fram'd the system, and impos'd their laws.

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